

E. Griffiths



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THE BOAT RACE.

As we predicted in our last number, the story of the great international contest on Friday afternoon, last week, is that it was a splendid race for the first two miles, during which the advantage was slightly in favour of the Harvard crew; after this the superior style and form of Oxford told in their favour over perhaps greater physical strength less scientifically applied. The powerful, long, swinging stroke of the Oxford told eventually—though slower—told over their opponents' hurried rush forward and scratchy arm work. The toss for places was won by the Harvard, who got off quicker, and a trifling lead was soon obtained and improved upon till at Simmond's their boat led by half a length. They were rowing 44 here to the Oxford's 39. At Bishop's Creek Harvard was nearly clear; at the Point Harvard quickened to 45, and were quite clear of Oxford; but a little before the Crab Tree the nose of the Oxford boat had got a little beyond the stern of the Harvard, due to triflingly faulty steering of the latter, and in this position they passed the Crab Tree—time, 5 min. 15 sec. Putting on a spurt, Harvard rowed clear by half a boat's length soon after passing the Crab Tree and crossing the water. The Harvard coxswain here hesitated about taking the Surrey side and turned the nose out again—Oxford continuing her course; this lost the Harvard the half-boat's length lead, which was never regained. And at the Soap

Works, Oxford having slightly quickened the stroke, had the nose of her boat in two-feet companionship with Harvard. The pace was evidently telling on the latter; but the Oxford crept on inch by inch, Harvard manfully contesting even this slight advance, keeping on at the same tremendous pace, but weakening a little on the stroke side. Harvard led by half a boat on passing through Hammersmith Bridge—time, 8 min. 45 sec.; and at the Doves put on a final spurt, yielding immediately after.

At the bottom of Chiswick Eyot, Oxford not quickening stroke, but rowing as before, came up irresistibly hand-over-hand, and were level for the first time; and half-way up the Eyot were clear, and at the top of the Island were 50 yards in advance, taking the Harvard water. The distance was increased; Oxford at the Bathing-place was two boats' length ahead, and apparently rowing better than at the beginning, while the Americans were pumped out. The Harvard coxswain continued to keep in the backwash of Oxford till reaching Barnes Bridge, where Oxford, rowing easily, went through three boats' length ahead. Time, 18 min. 20 sec.

Mr. Loring, of the Harvard crew, was here visibly distressed, and the coxswain dashed cold water over him and the others. Oxford added another boat's length; but a gentleman desiring to make a third in the race here rowed at the Oxford, and to get out of the way of the interested party the

extra length was obliged to be given up, and Oxford came in a winner three boats' length a head.

The time of the race was 22 min. 20 8-10ths secs, carefully taken with a chronograph watch manufactured by M. F. Dent and Co., of Cockspur-street. The Times says hereof—"In order that there might be no mistake we requested a gentleman accustomed to time boatmen to check us with another chronograph by the same makers, and there was merely the variation of a couple of seconds, caused by the different positions occupied by the time-takers; and we had arranged with John Phelps, whose boat was used by the judge at the winning-post, to fire a gun the instant the bow of the Oxford boat breasted the line; and this he did."

The time and results, as taken by Benson's chronograph, were as follow:—

| | H. | M. | S. |
|--------------------|----|----|----|
| Start | 5 | 14 | 6½ |
| Arrival—Oxford .. | 5 | 36 | 47 |
| Arrival—Harvard .. | 5 | 36 | 53 |

DURATION OF RACE.

| | MIN. | SEC. |
|---|------|------|
| Oxford | 22 | 41½ |
| Harvard | 22 | 47½ |
| Difference of time in favour of Oxford, 6 secs. | | |

The utmost good feeling was shown towards the Americans,



who were enthusiastically cheered, and proved themselves true chips of the old block—gallant fellows, full of pluck, strength, and skill. They have the satisfaction of winning, if not the race, the hearty appreciation of all. In the evening the crews, rivals no longer, met at Mr. Phillips's, Mortlake, and dined together at his hospitable board.

It is worth while recording the various opinions of the race at the eventful spot, Chiswick Eyot, where the race was won and lost. Says one critic:—"With faces deep set and eager, and with every muscle of their bodies at the full strain, the Americans led the way at from one to two boats' length ahead until Chiswick Eyot was gained. But they varied in their stroke now, according to the stop-watches on board, making now 41, now 43, and now 45 strokes in the minute. It was obvious, too, that the two stroke oars were powerful as they looked, not so strong as the bow ones, and this compelled their coxswain to give them 'rudder,' and so bring imputations on his steering many of which were undeserved. After Hammersmith Bridge came symptoms of distress. The courage and the determination were there, but the bodily powers were failing. Still the cheers went on. Double-knock shouts from American friends in the two steamers, hearty English cheers from the shore went on still, but as Chiswick was approached Oxford was seen to be creeping up; she took the lead, and Harvard never recovered her lost ground. It was curious to mark the excitement among the old University men now. They had avowed their faith in 'Old Darbshire' all along; and had constantly remarked upon the unvarying 'forty-two to the minute' of the Oxford oars. But when the English boat really shot ahead, they shouted as if their confidence had after all not been unmixed. 'If Harvard wins,' said one of the best known of our Thames oarsmen, half an hour before the start, 'I give up all belief in rowing and style.' And it was notable that the Oxford men were cool throughout, and seemed unfatigued and fresh at the finish. They took the lead at the part of Chiswick which was admitted to be best, and they won by three boats' lengths.

Another correspondent writes:—"At the Doves they had crept up the Harvard boat to its centre, and, continuing to gain, they became, for the first time during the race, strictly level at the Oil Mills, and at the lower part of Chiswick Eyot the Oxford began to draw away from them, and then there was a faltering in the Harvard boat, and the coxswain, to invigorate his men, let go the yoke lines, and threw handfuls of water from the Thames over his men. Half way up the Eyot the Oxford shot right away from them, and at Chiswick Church were a clear length in front, and had taken their water. The race was now all over. The Harvard men kept up their forty-four or forty-five strokes per minute, but the Oxford men had got neatly into their work, although evidently distressed to some extent. At Barnes Bridge they were four lengths ahead, and a "duffer" in a gig made them go out of their course to avoid a foul. Still they held a good lead, and won by six seconds."

And yet another sporting writer:—"From the Soapworks to the bridge they maintained the same positions, Harvard going under three-quarters of a length ahead in the extraordinary time of 8 min. 30 secs. from the start. Both had had enough of it, and the Americans began to falter in their style, but by dint of another excellent spurt a little further on they again cleared the Oxonians, and a foul seemed imminent, as at the Oil Mills. The Oxford crew now answered Mr. Darbshire's call, and their nose went up to the No. 3 oar of the Harvards. The latter struggled gamely at the 45 strokes, and in vain endeavoured to stave off the repeated encroachments of the rival crew. It was all to no purpose, for at the bottom of Chiswick Eyot they were dead level, and although the race hung in the balance for a few strokes, Oxford got ahead by a fine spurt, and led the rest of the way, winning by three lengths, both being distressed."

Once more a critic, and a good one:—"In leaving Hammersmith for the first time since the commencement of the struggle the Harvard crew showed symptoms of faltering, while the Oxford exhibited no change whatever. Indeed, it was evident that the struggle which has over and over again proved the superiority of staying power over mere speed was near at hand. Oxford went up to them opposite the Mills without a spurt; but they put on a little extra steam, and got slightly in front—"a nose," perhaps. It was the expiring effort of the Americans. For something like two miles they had, in spite of bad steering, rowed a magnificently plucky race, but the bolt was shot. At the beginning of Chiswick Eyot Oxford had overlapped their adversaries, these, in turn, spurted and getting level. The shrewder judges of rowing were quite convinced that the race was substantially at an end but the friends of the Harvard crew hardly saw it in this light yet. Bad steering again befriended the Oxonians, who, however, could not afford to forego aid of that nature. The race was clearly theirs—bar accident. Gradually increasing the advantage they had gained along the Eyot, they swept on steadily, and opposite Chiswick Church had put a clear length between their ship and the Americans. At the foot of the Meadows they had doubled this 'difference,' and half-way up the Meadows they took a breather. At this point the Harvard coxswain varied his duties, and entertained the spectators by a novel mode of refreshing his crew. To inspire them with fresh energy for the pursuit of Oxford he treated them to a copious basin of Thames water, repeating the dashing until every perspiring sculler was refreshed."

And yet another:—"After passing the bridge, however, the Harvards put on a spurt, and regained their advantage with interest, and thus the race proceeded for about two hundred yards, when a sudden irregularity was noticed both in the rowing and steering of the American boat. For a few seconds time was altogether lost, and the tiller in Mr. Burnham's hands swayed from side to side apparently without reason. Meanwhile the Oxford boat gradually drew up, and on nearing the Oil Mills came abreast of the other, and opposite Chiswick Church a fine spurt brought them to the front with a clear lead. Round Chiswick Eyot the boats passed with very slight change in their relations, but what change there was served to enable Oxford to forge ahead, and to lead by a clear length. At the West Middlesex Waterworks Oxford maintained a good lead. Near the bridge the Harvards put on a spurt, or rather tried, for they had already begun to show strong signs of fatigue, and the boat answered not to their efforts. The race was, in fact, virtually over."

And finally, the *Times* says, and that completes the daily and the authorities among the weeklies, "In rounding the bend just below Chiswick Eyot Oxford made a brilliant effort, and at length drew level with the Americans for the first time subsequently to leaving the starting-post, this happening exactly opposite the Old Ship Tavern, at Chiswick Lower Mill. When once the Oxonians were really level with the Harvard crew, and had them in the toils, the latter fell abroad in their rowing, no doubt as much from distress owing to the severity of the pace as at finding themselves caught by a crew who had been so long astern of them and in full view. It so happened then that at the foot of Chiswick Eyot the Oxford crew led by half a length, both boats keeping a very good and parallel course on the Surrey side of the river. Of a sudden, whether from the coxswain pulling his larboard line unnecessarily, or, as we are inclined to think, from the superior strength of their bow-side oars, the Harvard crew were suddenly sheered in towards Oxford, who held on in a perfectly true direction without budging an inch. So close, indeed, did the oars of the two crews become that for a moment there was considerable danger of a collision, but the bow-side oars of Oxford being well ahead of the stroke-side oars of Harvard there was no contact, and all further danger was obviated by the American coxswain fetching his boat mid-stream. Indeed, so determined did he appear to avoid touching that he took his men unnecessarily wide, and by throwing the boat slightly athwart the tide lost them some ground. As soon as they had recovered their true course the Harvard crew spurted and for a moment appeared to hold way with the English crew; but as the effort died out, about the middle of Chiswick Eyot, the latter once more drew slowly away, the race being now safe. Off the upper end of the Eyot the Oxford coxswain steered out in front of the Harvard boat, and skilfully threw the back wash of his boat on to that of the Americans, which completed their discomfiture; and at Chiswick Church, reached in 13 min. 15 secs., Oxford led by one length and a trifle over."

COURT AND SOCIETY.

THE Queen went out at Balmoral on Monday morning last week, and in the afternoon with the Princesses.

On the Tuesday, the Queen drove with Princess Christian in the afternoon to the Glassalt Shiel, attended by Lady Churchill and Earl Granville. Prince Christian went out deerstalking.

Earl Granville had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal Family.

The Queen drove out on the Wednesday morning with Princess Christian, and in the afternoon with Princess Louise, Princess Beatrice, and Prince Leopold.

Thursday being the anniversary of the birthday of the lamented Prince Consort, the tenants of the Balmoral, Abergeldie, and Birkhall estates met at the Prince's obelisk and drank to his memory. Prince Leopold and Prince Christian were present.

The Prince of Wales, attended by Lieutenant-Colonel Teesdale, arrived in the afternoon at Abergeldie Castle, and drove to Balmoral to visit the Queen.

The Queen drove out on Friday morning with Princess Beatrice, and drove in the afternoon, accompanied by Princess Christian and Princess Louise.

Earl Granville had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal Family.

The Queen drove out on Saturday morning with Princess Louise and Prince Leopold; and in the afternoon Her Majesty drove to Loch Callater, accompanied by Princess Louise, and attended by Lady Churchill and Earl Granville. The Prince of Wales dined with the Queen and Royal Family.

Earl Granville had also the honour of being invited. The Marquis of Blandford, Viscount Dupplin, Mr. Lionel Moore, the Hon. O. Montagu, Lieutenant-Colonel Teesdale, and Mr. F. Knollys dined with the Household, and afterwards had the honour of being presented to Her Majesty.

The Rev. Dr. Watson, one of Her Majesty's Chaplains, arrived at the Castle.

The Queen, Prince and Princess Christian, Princess Louise, Prince Leopold, and Princess Beatrice attended Divine Service in the parish church, Crathie, on Sunday. Lady Churchill and Colonel Ponsonby were in attendance. The Prince of Wales, attended by Lieutenant-Colonel Teesdale, was also present. The Rev. Dr. Watson officiated.

The Rev. Dr. Watson had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal Family.

Their Serene Highnesses Prince and Princess August of Saxe Coburg and Gotha and family, attended by Baron de Itshuna and M. and Madame Seitz, with a numerous suite, arrived at Claridge's Hotel on Saturday evening from Southampton, after a short and favourable passage from Rio de Janeiro in the royal mail steamship Douro.

HOLY TRINITY CHURCH, RICHMOND.—The want of church accommodation in the neighbourhood of Richmond has long been felt, and the inhabitants of the parish of St. John having some time since raised a fund for building a new church, application was made to several eminent architects for designs, and from those sent in that of Mr. Raphael Brandon, Clement's-inn, was selected. This is for a building in the early English style, or Gothic, of about the period of the thirteenth century, the grand outlines or general proportions being relied on for the architectural, and no superfluous ornament being introduced. On Thursday, last week, her Royal Highness the Princess Mary Adelaide of Teck performed the ceremony of laying the first stone of the new church, when a numerous assembly congregated under the rude tents which had been improvised on the site, and which were handsomely decorated with flowers and banners. Her Royal Highness, who was accompanied by the Prince of Teck, was received by the Right Rev. Dr. Ryan, formerly Bishop of Mauritius, the Rev. Archdeacon of Surrey, the Rev. J. D. Hales, vicar of St. John's, with several other clergymen and gentlemen of the committee.

PRINTING IN ANTIQUE TYPE.—Judd and Glass, of the Phoenix Works, St. Andrew's-hill, have, in addition to their extensive selection of Modern Types, complete Fonts of Old-faced Letters, and execute orders for large and small Posting Bills, Circulars, Reports, &c., by Steam machinery, with the utmost expedition. Estimates on application.

THE DRAWING ROOM.

FASHIONS.

(Abridged from the *Lady's Own Paper*.)

No changes worth recording have taken place in the world of fashions since last we wrote, but in a few days we are promised several novelties by Paris *modistes*, and these will be duly chronicled in our pages. In the meantime we may add, as supplementary to the descriptive details in our last number, a few notes on the progress of fashion in household requisites. First, however, a hint or two on the subject of children's dresses may be acceptable; and we therefore select a few youthful toilettes that are figured in *La Toilette des Enfants*. The first is for a baby two or three years old.—Frock of white piqué ornamented above the hem with an embroidery in braid. Low square body, bordered with a narrow bias of the same piqué. Short puffing sleeves. Little scarf laid on the left shoulder and tied at the right side, under the arm. This scarf is made of a band of piqué very narrow in the part that crosses over the body, but it becomes wider from the fastening, and terminates in two square ends. A small bouquet worked in braid decorates each of these ends, which are edged with a narrow English embroidery, as well as the lower side of the scarf. Hat of Belgian straw bordered with a white ribbon. A similar ribbon crosses the top of the crown and forms a bow, the two ends of which fall back very low. A small bouquet of forget-me-not ornaments the front. White ribbed socks, white glazed boots buttoned at the side.

Little Boy, from four to five years of age.—Short skirt of nankin, plaited all round in great plaits, except in front, where it is plain. On this plain part there are three groups of embroidery worked in black braid. Similar groups ornament the bottom of the skirt above the hem, on each plait.—Small paleot veston of nankin worked at top and bottom of each front in the same manner as the skirt. A row of small black buttons on the right side completes it. It is fastened at top by the four first buttons, and then opens a little and discloses a small waistcoat of nankin edged with black and buttoned with black buttons. There are at the bottom two small points. The sleeves are long and tight, and ornamented at the bottom with a little worked group similar to the others. Sailor collar in plain cambric; blue silk cravat; hat with narrow brims edged with blue, and a round crown with ribs made of brown holland. White stockings; half boots in corduan leather.

Little Girl, from five to six years old.—First skirt of pearl grey japonais ornamented with a plaiting as the same material, and bordered with a narrow currant-red ribbon, which embraces both sides of the stuff. A small red button fixes each fold of the plaiting. Four small bows without ends, piped with red, ornament the front of the skirt. Second skirt-tunic of the same material. This skirt is rounded at the bottom, and reaches down to the flounce of the first skirt. It is cut out in the whole contour, in undulating scallops, edged, like the plaiting with a red ribbon. A red button ornaments the inside of each scallop. A small bow similar to those of the front, but placed in the contrary way, fixes a few small plaits. Grey waistband edged with red, and tied behind with a bow without ends. The body is high at the shoulders and sloping at the back and on the breast; it is scalloped and edged in the same manner as the tunic. A breast piece edged with red completes the body. Very short sleeves likewise scalloped and ornamented with buttons. A small bow without ends on each shoulder. High chemisette and long sleeves worked round the neck and at the wrists. Primrose-coloured gloves. Round toque of Leghorn straw bordered with black velvet. A bow made of red taffetas ribbon, placed on one side and raising up, forms the basis of a large black tuft composed of cock feathers which bend backwards. White stockings, grey boots.

Now for a word on

HOUSEHOLD NOVELTIES.

The following are to be met with on the Continent and in America, and will doubtless, therefore soon find their way into London houses, if they have not, at least in part, already done so.

A new refrigerator differs from others in construction and in the manner of applying the ice, which is powdered and mixed with salt. The advantages claimed for it are that it consumes less ice than others, and that its temperature may be controlled. The ice and salt compound are placed in a receptacle at the back, and the adjacent chamber for provisions may be made cold enough to freeze anything within it, or, what is more important, of the precise temperature necessary to arrest decay in the provisions, and preserve them without freezing. The air in this chamber is wholly dry—all the moisture that would promote decay being frozen. A separate receptacle is arranged for holding ice for table use. This patent is shown in two styles, the upright closet and the chest shape.

Among long-tried refrigerators the "Nonpareil" is a favourite for family use. It is closet-shaped with the ice compartment on the top, and tiered wire shelves below for meat, fruits, and vegetables. A wine cooler, with separate lock and key, is attached to the more expensive refrigerators. The "Excelsior," very similar to the refrigerator just described, is so substantial that a man may stand with his whole weight on the ice-shelf without injuring it.

An improved fluting and crimping machine, called the Climax, has a clamp moved by the foot, for separating the revolving cylinders when placing ruffles between. A crank, turned by hand, makes the cylinders revolve. Among kitchen wares is yet another ingenious egg-beater, and a lemon-squeezer with porcelain lining. A new Dutch oven, called the self-basting, has a perforated groove at the top. The juice of the meat is ladled into this groove, whence it slowly drips on the meat below.

Fruit stands of retined wire, in open patterns displaying the fruit, are sold. These are prettier than flat trays for large fruits, such as peaches and apples. Others lined with coloured glass are being made for smaller fruits.

A convenience for the toilette is a looking-glass reflector to be attached to the mirror, and capable of being adjusted to any angle necessary to see the back hair when arranging it. An amusing novelty is a street reflector, which is attached to the window, enabling persons in the house to watch passers-by without being seen from without. It is found useful to watch children playing in the street. A Duchesse toilette-table of white holly-wood, with gilt tracings, is draped with white lace and cherry ribbon. A slab of white marble is below the glass, and the brackets are covered with cherry velvet.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA, &c.

STRAND THEATRE.

Mr. H. J. Byron's extravaganza of "The Pilgrim of Love," first produced at the Haymarket about 10 years since, has been revived at the Strand Theatre with every external attraction that beauty of scenery and costume and general elegance of stage appointments can bestow. The burlesque follows closely, though of course in a mocking and irreverent spirit, the track of that fanciful little story in Washington Irving's "Legends of the Alhambra," upon which it professes to be founded; but jokes are substituted for graphic descriptions, and puns for poetic sentiments. The dialogue has been retouched so as to bring it *en rapport* with passing events; new songs and dances are occasionally introduced; and the piece, while retaining its original plan of structure, is so modernised as to acquire suitable novelty of allusion. It now looks fresh and pretty, and, receiving full justice in the representation, it passes off smoothly and pleasantly, leaving the audience in merrier mood than it had found them. This satisfactory result is in some degree attributable to the vivacious acting of many of the principal performers, especially of Miss Robertha Erskine as Prince Ahmed, Miss Kate Newton as the Parrot, and Mr. E. Terry as the King of Toledo. Mr. J. S. Clarke's boisterous fun in the comedietta of "Among the Breakers," and his laughable performance of Toodles in the farce of the same name, complete as pleasant an entertainment as is to be had just now at any theatre in London.

The Holborn Amphitheatre will re-open for equestrian performances on Saturday, October 2.

The eleventh and twelfth volumes of Froude's History of England, completing the work, will be published in the autumn.

OFFENBACH celebrates his silver wedding at his estate at Etretat by a fancy dress ball, the characters chiefly selected from his own operas.

THERE will be a series of concerts at Exeter Hall in October, under the direction of Mr. Henry Leslie, and at which Nilsson and Trebelli-Bettini will sing.

MR. TOM TAYLOR's new comedy "New Men and Old Acres," which has been performed preparatorily in Manchester, will be brought out at the Haymarket on the opening of the season.

MIDLE. STELLA COLLAS, a young and pretty French actress, who made her appearance at the Princess's Theatre a few seasons back, has recently been married to Mr. Corvin Kronkowskoi, a Russian gentleman.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS, in his capacity of President of the Midland Institute, Birmingham, will deliver the inaugural address at the opening of the autumn session which takes place early in September.

TWENTY-SIX new operas have been produced in Italy during the present year. Unhappily, the chances are that the whole will speedily be forgotten. Italy remains prolific, but the offspring are short-lived.

M. STRAKOSCH goes to Sweden and Norway with an Italian opera company. Among the artists engaged are Madame Volpini, Mlle. Linda Caracciolo, and the tenor, Leopold Ketten. Signor Carlo Patti will act as *chef d'orchestre*.

THE death is announced of Mr. Salvatore Patti, father of the well-known cantatrice. He was formerly a tenor singer, and had taken for his second wife M^{me}. Barilli, a vocalist well known in the United States, where she still resides.

MR. BOUCICAULT's activity is unabated. Within five days in the course of this month, two new productions of his will be put upon the stage: on the 15th at the Princess's, on the 20th at the Adelphi. The latter is a coalition drama, his associate being Mr. Byron.

MR. J. MOYR SMITH, the artist, and Captain Bertrand Payne, are now in Paris, collecting materials for an illustrated work which is to appear in London at Christmas, and which will embody a serio-comic rendering of the tourists' experience in the gay capital of France.

THE Burmese drama is attracting attention from the Indian press, because, under the auspices of the King, it is being used as a vehicle to express hostile opinions towards the English. This is said to occur on every occasion, and strongly in a late spectacular pantomime.

THE scheme of a new theatre at Cologne, to be built in the place of the one burnt down lately, is so far decided, that the first gentlemen in the town, and Baron Oppenheim, have subscribed 24,300 thalers; and there is only 30,000 thalers wanted to complete the plan on a grand scale.

MR. GILMORE, of Boston Jubilee fame, has sailed for Europe in search of materials for a still larger festival to be held next year. "Woe to his reputation," says an American paper, "if he does not give us a hall, holding 200,000 people, and an orchestra of about 50,000."

THE Olympic will re-open in October under the management of Mr. Liston. The principal attraction will be a drama founded upon the subject of Mr. Dickens's "David Copperfield," in which a Mr. G. F. Rowe, late lessee of the Croydon Theatre, and well known in the colonies, will appear in the part of Micawber.

MR. J. F. BOOTH, brother of the slayer of President Lincoln, has just closed a successful engagement at the Queen's Theatre, Dublin. Mr. Booth, whose father was the Lucius Junius Booth, who for a brief moment shook Edmund Kean's throne more than half a century ago, chiefly played melodramatic characters.

MR. MURRAY is projecting a new weekly critical journal of literature, science, and art, to be called the *Academy*—a bad title, by the way, though not worse than that of other papers which have achieved success. Dr. William Smith, of dictionary renown, will, we believe, have much to do with the paper, which is intended to make its appearance before the end of the year.

A YOUNG Miss Broderick, less than twenty, boarding at the "Woman's Home," Chicago, has so far become an artist as to paint and ornament furniture. Succeeding in this, her ambition soared higher into the realms of art, and she has taken the contract for painting the interior of the four-storey brick house now being completed for the use of the Home.

MISS EDMONTA LEWIS, the lady of colour who has been in Rome for five years past perfecting herself as a sculptress, is not, we are told, of pure African descent, having a dash of Indian in her blood. She has recently become a Roman Catholic, and been baptized as Mary. Among her best works

is a statue of the Blessed Virgin, intended for a church of coloured persons in Baltimore.

A NEW volume of poems, by Mr. Gerald Massey, entitled "A Tale of Eternity, and other Poems," will shortly appear. It is eight or nine years since Mr. Massey published his last book of poetry, "Havelock's March," which passed with little or no notice from reviewers, probably on account of a prefatory note which misled them into thinking the book was merely a reprint of old material.

M. THEODORE ANNE has just died in Paris, aged seventy-two. His life had been somewhat changeable. Beginning as a soldier, he successively became a politician, a novelist, a librettist, and an art critic. In the last named capacity he was best known: his contributions to *L'Union*, *La Revue et Gazette des Theatres* and *Le Menestrel* gaining for him distinction as an elegant writer and an intelligent amateur.

SIR EDWARD CREASY, in far-off Ceylon, neither rests on the reputation of his "Fifteen Decisive Battles," nor gives up all his time to the performance of his judicial functions. He has leisure enough to enable him to write a novel, and Sir Edward has one now in progress. The subject of the story is "Greek and classical." The author will probably return to London about Christmas to see the work through the press.

UNDER the name of "The True Story of Lady Byron's Life," Mrs. Stowe has contributed a paper to the new number of *Macmillan's Magazine*, in which she alleges, as on the authority of Lady Byron herself, that the cause of the disagreement between Lord and Lady Byron was that "he fell into the depths of a secret adulterous intrigue with a blood relation, so near in consanguinity that discovery must have been utter ruin and expulsion from civilised society."

THE first performance of "Arrah-na-Pegus" at Niblo's Garden Theatre, New York, was attended by what might have been a serious calamity. Near the close of the performance of the first act, a preparation of calcium kept below the stage exploded, tearing up a portion of the theatre, and breaking several windows. Great alarm was manifested by actors and audience, and frantic efforts were made to escape from the house. Calm was, however, restored, before any serious consequences resulted, and the performance was resumed. Mr. Dominick Murray played his old part of *Michael Feeney*. Mrs. Murray (Miss Josephine Fiddes) also appeared.

MR. TOM TAYLOR has been discovering a great prize in the rather unpromising theatrical regions of Jersey. He has lit upon a new tragedian at the St. Helier's Theatre, a Mr. Wybert Rousby. This gentleman's performance of Hamlet seems to have driven Mr. Taylor into a perfect frenzy of delight. In a letter to the local press, he places Mr. Rousby's impersonation far beyond that of Mr. Fechter, and on the same level with that of Macready. Its characteristics, he says, are "a thoroughly intelligent reading from first to last, great evidence of introspection in the metaphysical portion, immense truth and passion in the intense scenes, and a great resulting consistency and completeness."

THE *Athenæum* says that Lord Palmerston's Diary is not a mere record of facts, but a gallery of pictures and sketches, in all of which are clearly to be seen the style of an accomplished master. It is, besides, something more. A scene between the writer and the Duke of Wellington, when Mr. Huskisson's dismissal or his being retained was in dispute, is of the very highest and finest style of serious comedy: graphic, dramatic, and so lifelike that the actors seem bodily before us.—Mr. Fergusson, among his plans for putting the monuments of the metropolis in a better condition, has taken into consideration the present state of the statue of King Charles at Charing-cross, on which he has had a report from Mr. Thomas Milnes, the sculptor, but there is no likelihood of anything being done this season.—The Milan *Trovatore* announces that the Princess de Solms (Countess Ratazzi) is writing both words and music of a new opera, entitled "Byron."

AMERICA, after all, appears to be the El Dorado of actors and actresses. Miss Lydia Thompson states in her advertisements that her troupe have just completed an engagement in New York of forty-five consecutive weeks, and that the receipts during that period averaged over 10,000 dollars weekly, or, as the lady puts it in round numbers, "nearly half a million of dollars." This is a new style of theatrical advertisement that has not as yet crossed the Atlantic. It certainly is a striking one. But, then, in London the financial statement would be given in pounds, and though 2,000*l.* has a comfortable sound, it does not seem so stupendous as ten thousand dollars. We fancy, however, that no theatre in town has hitherto been able to boast of such a weekly receipt. To earn it for forty-five weeks running must leave a very pleasant profit. Miss Thompson, by her own account, has netted 90,000*l.* Putting her expenses at half that sum, and they could not well be more than 1,000*l.* a week, she is 45,000*l.* to the good by her twelve months in New York.

MR. SOTHERN, who appears by the context to have been defamed by some enemy in America, has written in the following terms to the *New York Herald*:—"An article out from an American newspaper has been forwarded to me here. I am unable to name the paper in which it appeared, as only a slip was sent to me. I beg to call your attention to the following lines. Speaking of Mr. Joseph Jefferson, the writer says: 'His artistic position in London was fixed by his performances. But before he could fairly begin those performances more than one person of theatrical weight and influence had endeavoured to ensure his ruin—among them Mr. Sothern, who owed the best of all he ever had to this country. To the assertion that I ever endeavoured to ensure the ruin or in any way injure Mr. Jefferson, or any other actor from America, or from any other country, I give my most unqualified contradiction, and I appeal to Mr. Jefferson to confirm the truth of my words. The *animus* of the writer of the article is evident. I contemplate paying a farewell visit to America, and he wishes to convert my old friends into new enemies. That I owe whatever theatrical position I may have gained to America and to the Americans is most certain, as certain as that I am proud to acknowledge my obligations to the country that first fostered my earliest endeavours to become an actor.'"

HOP-PICKING IN KENT.

THE pretty engraving which we give on our first page, represents a scene by no means unique in the glowing hop-gardens of fair Kent, now all a bustle in preparation for the in-gathering. The hops this year are for the most part in a healthy condition, and the yield will be a fair average one. Already the picking has begun in some parts of the country; but next week is to see it commence in earnest, when we shall duly chronicle its progress.

HARVEST FESTIVITIES AT TAHITI.

AT the close of the several harvest gatherings at Tahiti, and indeed on all festive occasions, the young girls are always the first to call for their favourite dance, "The Upa-upa," represented in our engraving on page 1417. Dancing is the principal amusement of the Tahitians, and they not only exhibit much activity in their favourite pastime, but they manifest some talent for the composition of dances. Formerly their only musical instruments were rude drums and pipes of bamboo stems, but the French have since introduced, much to the delight of the natives, organized military bands.

THE LAWRENCE ASYLUM, KUSSOWLE, NEAR SIMLA.

AMONG the useful institutions founded by Sir John Lawrence while in India, was the asylum which bears his name, situate at Kussowle, near Simla. It is for orphan children of both sexes, many of them being admitted while quite infants. The boys are taught various trades, as gardening, and some are instructed for schoolmasters and missionaries. The girls are taught domestic economy, needlework, straw bonnet making, knitting, laundry, and other work. In this way both boys and girls are put in the way of earning an honest livelihood on leaving the asylum.

DION BOUCICAULT.

OF living dramatists, Dion Boucicault is at once the most prolific and the most popular. It has been perhaps given to no other writer to state, as he has done, that a successful drama is worth to him some £40,000*l.* and certainly no other contemporary writer turns out successful dramas with the rapidity that he does. At this moment *Formosa* is nightly crowding Old Drury, and already two other dramas from the same pen are announced to appear within a few days. Nor is this all; Mr. Boucicault has won honours in other directions. As an actor he has been eminently successful, and his retirement from the active duties of the stage only a few months ago, was widely and deeply deplored.

Mr. Dion Boucicault, was born in Dublin, December 26th, 1822, and was educated under his guardian, Dr. Lardner, and at the London University. He performed in the provinces as a light comedian for some time before he commenced his dramatic career, which was in March, 1841, with the production of the popular play of *London Assurance*. Since then he has produced more than two hundred dramatic pieces. He has visited America and produced many pieces there.

SUMMER SCENES.

THE summer seemed scarcely here, and now sombre autumn is upon us, with its shortening evening, its ripening fruits and sheaves of golden grain. The fields are glorious now, in their waning beauty; yet a few days and they will be denuded, and bleak and drear. September, which was ushered in this week, is a month that the poets have combined to honour; how finely Spenser describes it:—

Next him September, marched eke on foot,
Yet was he hoary, laden with the spoil
Of harvest riches, which he made his boot,
And him enriched with bounty of the soil;
In his one hand, as fit for harvest's toil,
He held a knife-hook; and in th' other hand
A pair of weightie, with which he did assail
Both more or less, where it in doubt did stand,
And equal gave to each as justice duly scanned.

Keats takes up another side:—

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness,
Close bosom friend of the maturing sun,
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run,
To bend with apples the moss'd cottage trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core.

The month, as a whole, was well sketched by the late Miss Tatham, whose lines may not be so familiar to the reader as those last quoted:—

I am a thoughtful matron grave, not like the youthful May,
Mine is the tender, solemn time, when youth is passed away;
A soft and silver shadow stealth slowly o'er my brow,
And quiet is my footstep, and my voice is soft and low.
I am a mother fond and sad, and gaze with tearful eye
Upon my fading children, for I feel they soon must die;
Yet I am not unlovely quite, though from my fading crown
The dying roses drop their heads, the golden leaves fall down;
Come, search my sunny orchard groves, rich, ripened fruit they yield,
And broad and bright my harvest moon shines like a silver shield.

The name of the month is a misnomer, though it was not always so. When the year began in March, this was the seventh of its months; and was consequently very properly termed September. The year is now commenced two months earlier, and the name has become inappropriate, as is the case with October, November, and December. When Julius Cæsar reformed the Calendar, he gave this month a 31st day, which Augustus subsequently took from it; and it has ever since remained so. The Saxons called it *Gerst monath*, or barley month, because they then gathered in the grain from which they brewed their favourite beverage.

The summer scenes, which we depict in the engraving on page 1416, must have been more or less familiar to many of our country readers from their childhood, but they will be none the less welcome on that account, and to London readers they will be specially suggestive, now that summer is on the wane.

FATAL COLLIERY ACCIDENTS.—On Monday Mr. J. Taylor coroner for Bolton, held an inquiry into the deaths of two colliers, named Samuel Shuttleworth, aged 64, and James Heathcote, 43. It appears that Shuttleworth had incautiously knocked away a prop in one of the workings at the Great Lever Colliery, in order to get at the top part of the seam, when about 18cwt. of coal fell upon him, fracturing several of his ribs. The jury in this case returned a verdict of "Accidental Death." The other fatality occurred at the Bank Colliery, Little Hulton. A waggon had been loaded with coal, and the deceased, James Heathcote, was about to send it down the jig brow, when the prop by means of which the waggon was regulated suddenly came down, and struck the deceased with such violence as almost to sever his left leg from his body. It was alleged that the prop had been improperly fixed by the fireman, Adam Eckersley, and the inquest was adjourned to allow of the attendance of Mr. Dickinson, the inspector.

ERIOUS COLLIERY RIOTS NEAR BARNSELEY.

THE South Yorkshire colliery district was the scene of a serious riot on Thursday evening last week, which has resulted in great destruction of property. The pit at which the outbreak occurred is known as the New Sovereign Pit, belonging to Mr. R. Clarke, the owner of the well-known Old Silkstone Collieries. The old hands, it appears, have been on strike for several weeks, and on Tuesday last about 60 new hands were imported from Bilston, in Staffordshire, to work the pit. This step seems to have enraged the old hands, and there can be no doubt but a preconcerted attack on the pit and the new comers had been arranged. About nine o'clock at night the manager and the men at the pit were startled by loud yells, and instantly about 800 men, with their caps over their faces and their coats turned inside out, were seen to come near the pit from some fields. Most of them were either armed with bludgeons or hedge stakes. On reaching the pit premises they commenced an attack upon the works. A number of them seized several fire grates containing lighted coals for the men to work by, and threw them down the water pit. Two men were at work in the shaft at the time, but fortunately they were in the lodges, and so escaped a certain death. The mob next proceeded to the carpenters' shop, and to the adjoining buildings, where the new hands were lodged. They broke the whole of the windows and caused the men to fly in all directions. They then obtained access to the place, and threw the clothes of the new comers on the fire. Having exhausted their fury on those buildings, they next attacked the weigh-house, broke the windows, and a small beam belonging to the machine. The whole mob then turned their attention to the manager's house and the offices, which are inhabited by Mr. Teesdale. Here the full force of their fury was developed. The whole of the windows on two sides of the house were broken by large stones. The furniture was greatly damaged by the stones, and the whole place on the Friday morning was a perfect wreck. The new hands were so frightened that they dare not work.

ACCIDENT TO A WEDDING PARTY.

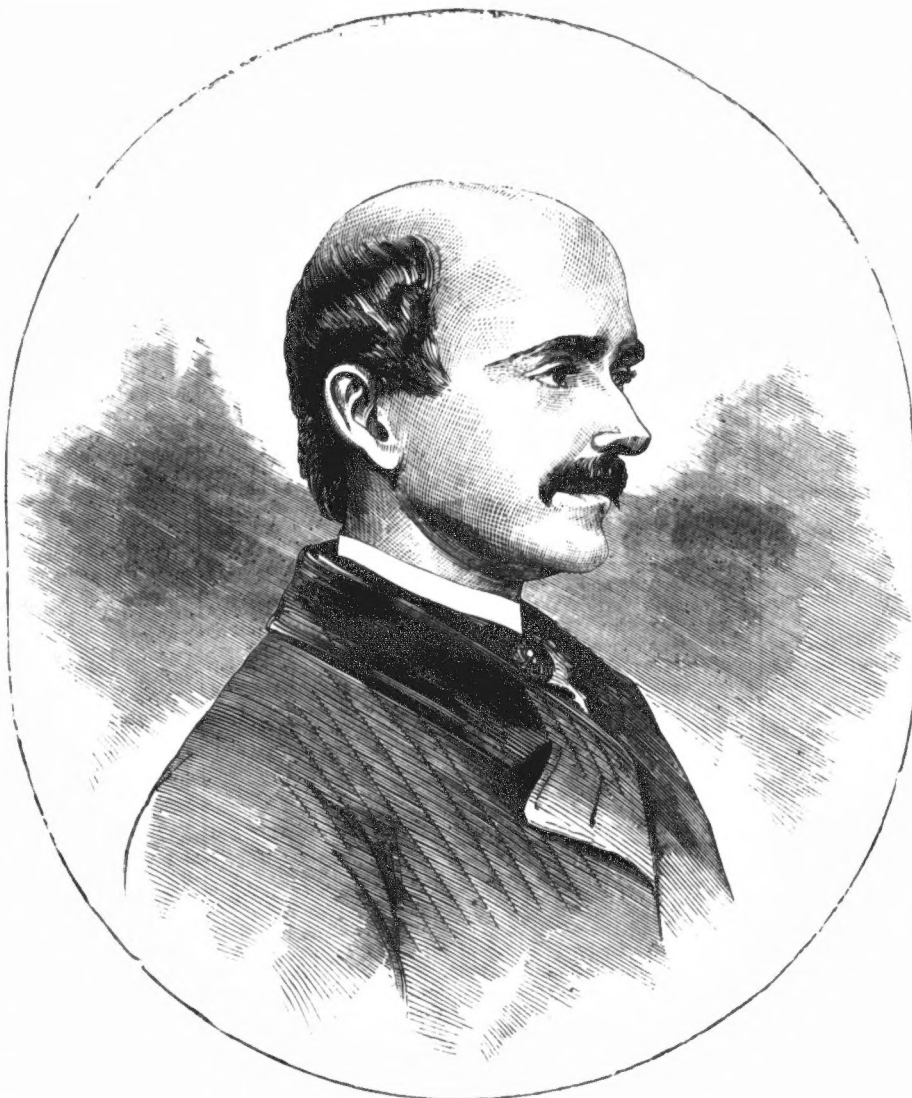
A serious accident to a wedding party occurred in the vicinity of Alnwick a few days ago. Mr. George Easton, draper, of that town, had been married in the morning to a young lady, named Miss Welch, at the parish church of Rennington; and after the breakfast the wedding party were proceeding to Corston Bank Railway Station, accompanying the bride and bridegroom, who were about to start on a tour to Scotland. The party was conveyed in two carriages. Near Rock the conveyance which was foremost, containing about fifteen persons, including the newly-married pair, was upset at a sharp

turn of the road. None of the persons it contained escaped without some injury more or less severe. Mr. John Foreman, of Alnwick, was the most severely hurt, his hip-joint being dislocated and his leg broken; Mrs. Foreman was also hurt; the driver (named Rogerson) had his arm much injured; Mrs. Bell, the sister of the bridegroom, had her face and head much cut and bruised; Mr. John Cockburn, ironmonger, got a severe sprain of the ankle, and the others were injured in various ways. The bride did not escape unhurt; and when the bridegroom was pitched out his head came in violent contact with a wall. Fortunately he had a new hat on, and though the hat was flattened by the concussion, the head was thus preserved from serious injury. Surgical attendance was procured, and the injuries of the various parties were properly attended to.

elicited rapturous applause from all points where the spectators had congregated.

LUXURIANT AND BEAUTIFUL HAIR.—MRS. S. ALLEN'S WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER never fails to quickly restore *Gray or Faded Hair* to its youthful colour and beauty. It stops the hair from falling off. It prevents baldness. It promotes luxuriant growth; it causes the hair to grow thick and strong. It removes all dandruff. It contains neither oil nor dye. In large Bottles—Price Six Shillings. Sold by Chemists and perfumers. Depot, 265, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON.

THE NEW VADE MECUM (invented and manufactured by Charles H. Vincent, optician, of 23, Windsor-street, Liverpool) consists of a telescope well adapted for tourists, &c., to which is added an excellent microscope of great power and first class definition, quite equal to others sold at ten times the price. Wonderful as it may seem, the price of this ingenious combination is only 3s. 6d., and Mr. Vincent sends it (carriage free) anywhere, with printed directions, upon receipt of post office-order or stamps to the amount of 3s. 10d.—[Advt.]



MR. DION BOUCICAULT.—(SEE PAGE 1411.)

THE OXFORD AND HARVARD CREWS AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

MONDAY there were special entertainments at the Crystal Palace in compliment to the Harvard and Oxford crews, who contested the recent international boat race on the Thames. Besides the ordinary entertainments, there was an afternoon performance of the opera of "Mariana," with Miss Edith Wynne as the Gitana; and in the evening a magnificent display of fireworks, in which all the grander features of previous pyrotechnic exhibitions were reproduced with greater brilliancy, while some new features were added, including a set piece in honour of the crews. The boats in which the match was contested were again on view in the central transept, and were regarded with much interest by the numerous visitors during the day, and who by the time the fireworks commenced in the evening had multiplied to a vast assemblage, numbering nearly 16,000.

The members of the Harvard crew were all present, and some representatives of the Oxford, both crews having been invited by the president and members of the London Rowing Club to dine with them at the palace. The company, nearly 200 altogether, sat down to dinner at six o'clock in the large dining saloon. The President of the London Rowing Club, Mr. Layton, took the chair, and there were also present along with the guests of the evening, Mr. Charles Dickens, Mr. Edmund Yates, Sir Aubrey Paul, and Mr. Thomas Hughes, M.P. The saloon in which the dinner was held and the corridors connected with it were very tastefully decorated and hung with flags for the occasion.

At half-past nine o'clock, before any toasts were proposed, the party adjourned for a time to witness the display of fireworks, the special part of which consisted of a splendid wreath (of fire, of course), in which the initials of Harvard and Oxford crews were together entwined. The device was very successful, and when it shone out in its full perfection



GARDEN VIEW OF ST. JAMES'S PALACE.—(SEE PAGE 1415)

GALLANT ACT OF TWO CONSULS.

A JAMAICA correspondent gives a vivid account of a tragic scene which had come under his observation. He says an American seaman, the son of English parents, had been condemned to be shot on a charge of being connected with a filibustering expedition, the evidence being full of inconsistencies and very defective. Although strenuous exertions were made by the English and American consuls, the Spanish authorities seemed determined to sacrifice the condemned man's life. On the morning appointed for his execution he was marched out to the usual place. He was immediately followed by Mr. Ramsden, British vice-consul, and the American vice-consul, to make a still further protest. Mr. Ramsden read the document, protesting, in the name of England and America, declaring that the prisoner was altogether innocent of the charge which had been laid against him, demanding his immediate release, and declaring that those who took that man's life would be guilty of murder, and would be answerable to the Governments of England and America. During the reading of this document the prisoner fainted from excitement, and there were strong signs of impatience on the part of the Spanish troops. A consultation followed, and the consuls were eventually informed that their remonstrance came too late; that the prisoner had been sentenced to death for having taken up arms against Spain, and that the sentence must be carried out. The order was then given to the firing party to "present." Instantly Mr. Ramsden and the American

QUEER OLD SCOTTISH CUSTOMS.

Among the peasantry betrothals were conducted in a singular fashion. The fond swain, who had resolved to make proposals, sent for the object of his affection to the village alehouse, previously informing the landlady of his intentions. The damsel, who knew the purpose of the message, busked herself in her best attire, and waited on her admirer. She was entertained with a glass of ale; then the swain proceeded with his tale of love. A dialogue like the following ensued.—"I'm gaun to speir whether ye will tak' me, Jenny."—"Deed, Jock, I thocht ye micht ha'e speir't that lang syne."—"They said ye wad refuse me, lassie."—"Then they're leers, Jock."—"An' so ye'll no refuse me, lassie?"—"I've tell't ye that twice owre already, Jock." Then came the formal act of betrothal. The parties pressed the thumbs of their right hands, which they licked, together, and vowed fidelity. The ceremony possessed the solemnity of an oath, the violator of such an engagement being considered guilty of perjury. In allusion to this practice a favourite Scottish song commences—

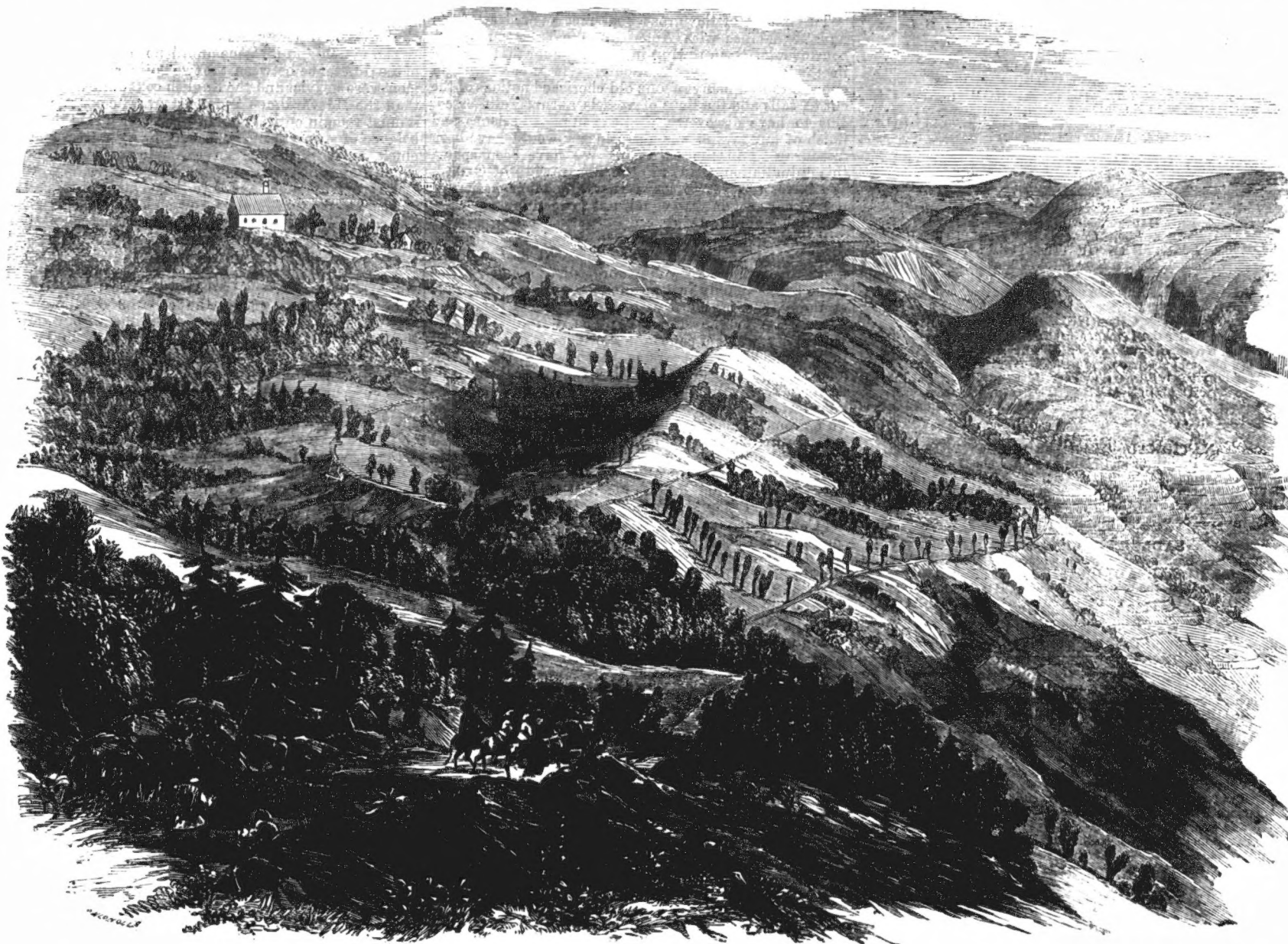
"There's my thumb, I'll ne'er beguile thee."

The pressure of moistened thumbs, as the solemn ratification of an engagement, was used in other contracts. The practice, as confirmatory of an agreement, existed both among the Celts and Goths. The records of the Scottish courts contain examples of sales being confirmed by the judges on the production of evidence that the parties had licked and pressed

summoned the delinquents before the Sheriff, who, on their admitting the charge, imposed a fine of 5s. The Fiscal took the penalty, and handed to the parties a printed form, duly filled up, which, by discharging the fine, certified the marriage. Ruglen or Rutherglen marriages have passed into a proverb. A birth was attended with much concern to the wives of the neighbourhood. They hastened to make personal inquiry concerning the mother's health, and to embrace the young stranger. Every new-born child was, irrespective of the season of the year, plunged into a vessel of cold water. Before touching the infant the female visitors crossed themselves with a burning brand. When the heir of an estate was born he was exhibited to the tenantry. The neglect of such a proceeding would have led to unfavourable rumours concerning the appearance of the young stranger. There is a tradition in Fifeshire that one of the infant kings was exhibited to the public on a payment proportioned to the rank of each spectator, and that the humbler classes were admitted to see the juvenile monarch on the presentation of a small coin, equal to the English halfpenny, and which consequently was styled a bawbee.—*Scotland Social and Domestic.*

ROBINSON CRUSOE'S ISLAND COLONISED.

The following bit of information will be of interest the world over:—At a distance of less than a three days' voyage from Valparaiso, in Chili, and nearly in the same latitude with this important port on the western coast of South



THE LAWRENCE ASYLUM, RUSSOWLE, NEAR S.M.A.—(SEE PAGE 1415)

Consul, rushing with the flags of their respective nations before the levelled rifles to the side of the victim, shouted "Hold!" Wrapping the English flag around himself and the prisoner, and addressing the officer in charge of the firing party, he said:—"As a consul of her Britannic Majesty, I cannot stand silently by and see this foul murder of an innocent man. It is my duty to protect his life, and if you take his, you must take it through these," and placed himself immediately in front of the condemned man, the American consul, wrapped in the "stars and stripes" being on the other side. The Spaniards stood aghast. A consultation was again held, and the prisoner marched back to gaol under an escort of troops, the consuls supporting the unhappy man all the way. That night the prisoner was reprieved, and taken on board an outward-bound ship.

SCIENCE AND ART.—A striking instance of the immense value a small piece of steel may acquire by the great power of skilled mechanical labour is the balance-spring of a watch. From its extreme fineness and delicacy 4,000 weigh not more than one ounce, and exceed in value £1,000. A most interesting little work, describing the rise and progress of watchmaking, has been published by J. W. Benson, 25, Old Bond-street, and the City Steam Factory, 38 and 60, Ludgate-hill. The book, which is profusely illustrated, gives a full description of the various kinds of watches and clocks, with their prices. Mr. Benson (who holds the appointment to the Prince of Wales) has also published a pamphlet on Artistic Gold Jewellery, illustrated with the most beautiful designs of Bracelets, Brooches, Earrings, Lockets, &c., suitable for Wedding, Birthday, and other presents. These pamphlets are sent post free for two stamps each, and they cannot be too strongly recommended to those contemplating a purchase, especially to residents in the country or abroad, who are thus enabled to select any article they may require and have it forwarded with perfect safety.

their thumbs on the occasion of the bargain. The Highlander and the Lowland schoolboy still lick thumbs in bargain-making. At the close of the eighteenth century another method of betrothal was adopted. When the damsel had accepted her lover's offer the pair proceeded to the nearest stream, and there, washing their hands in the current, vowed constancy with their hands clasped across the brook. A ceremony of this description took place between Burns and "Highland Mary." When the parties had mutually betrothed themselves, they proceeded diligently to revive their acquaintance with the Church Catechism, for every clergyman insisted that candidates for matrimony should be able to repeat the Creed, the Commandments, and the Lord's Prayer. A marriage was stopped by the Kirk-Session of Glasgow in 1642 until the bridegroom should inform himself of these religious fundamentals. Latterly the Church has permitted persons to enter into the nuptial bonds without any inquiry as to their scriptural knowledge. Between the first Sunday of the proclamation of banns and the day of marriage 40 days were allowed to elapse. The reason of the delay has not been explained. On the evening before the wedding the bride was attended by her maidens, who proceeded to wash her feet. Much diversion was a concomitant of the ceremonial; it ended with festivities. In the burgh of Rutherglen, Lanarkshire, till within the last twenty years, persons were married, without proclamation of banns, by a peculiar arrangement on the part of the authorities. A friend of the parties was sent to the Procurator-Fiscal to inform him that they had been married without legal banns. The Fiscal

America, is the island of Juan Fernandez, where once upon a time Alexander Selkirk, during a solitary banishment of four years, gathered the material for Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe." This island, little thought of by the inhabitants of the Chilian coastland, has lately become of some interest by the fact that in December, 1868, it was ceded to a society of Germans, under the guidance of Robert Wehrhan, an engineer from Saxony, Germany, for the purpose of colonisation. The entrepreneur of this expedition, Robert Wehrhan, left Germany 11 years since, passed several years in England, served as major through the war of the republic against secession, and was subsequently engaged as engineer with the Geropasco Rail, in South America. He and his society, about 60 or 70 individuals, have taken possession of the Island, which is described as being a most fertile and lovely spot. They found there countless herds of goats; some 30 half-wild horses, and 60 donkeys, the latter animals proving to be exceedingly shy. They brought with them cows, and other cattle, swine, numerous fowls, and all the various kinds of agricultural implements, with boats and fishing apparatus, to engage in different pursuits and occupations. The grotto, made famous as Robinson's abode, situated in a spacious valley, covered with large fields of wild turnips—a desirable food for swine—has been assigned to the hopeful young Chilian gentleman, to whom the care of the porcine part of the society's stock has been entrusted, and he and his protégés are doing very well in their new quarters. Juan Fernandez is one of the stations where whaling vessels take in water and wood.—*Sau Francisco News.*

THEATRES.

THEATRE ROYAL DRURY-LANE.

Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. F. B. Chatterton.

This evening will be represented a Drama of Modern Life, called **FORMOSA**; or, **The Railroad to Ruin**, in four acts, written by Dion Boucicault. The following performers have been selected to represent the numerous characters with which this piece abounds: Messrs. Barrett, H. Irving, David Fisher, F. Charles, Brittain Wright, John Rouse, J. Morris, J. Reynolds, J. B. Johnstone, Webber, Cullen, Mitchelson, and J. B. Howard; Mrs. Billington; Messrs. M. Brennan, McDonald, Hudger, Beatrix Shirley, E. Stuart, Dalton, Mervyn, Hall, and Katharine Rodgers. The performance to commence with the farce of **BELLES OF THE KITCHEN**, in which the celebrated Vokes Family will appear. To conclude with the farce of **BORROWED PLUMES**.

GAIETY THEATRE, STRAND.

Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. John Hollingshead.

Every Evening, at 7, **LUSCHEN AND FRITZCHEN** (Operetta): Miss Loseby, Mr. Terrott. At 7.45, **DREAMS** (Drama): Messrs. Henry Neville, S. Emery, J. Clayton, R. Soutar; Miss Henrade and Miss R. Rance, &c. At 10, **ROBERT THE DEVIL** (Extravaganza): Miss E. Farren, Miss Loseby, Mr. Dauban, Mr. Warde; Chorus and Ballet. Carriages 11.

ROYAL STRAND THEATRE.

Sole Lessee and Manager, Mrs. Swanborough.

Every Evening at 7.30, **AMONG THE BREAKERS**: Messrs. J. S. Clarke, Turner, Joyce; Messrs. Bufon, Po-brooke. After which, **THE TODDLES**: Mr. Clarke. To conclude with **THE PILGRIM OF LOVE**: Messrs. E. Terry, Turner, Bruce, &c.; Messrs. Richardson, Erskine, Newton, Fostbrooke, &c.

ROYALTY THEATRE.

Under the Management of Miss M. Oliver.

Every Evening, at 7.30, **QUIET AT HOME**: After which, at 8, **CHECKMATE**: Messrs. Dewar and Danvers; Messrs. Saunders and M. Oliver. Followed by, at 9.15, **BILLY TAYLOR**: Messrs. Dewar and Danvers; Messrs. Saunders, Bromley, Bishop, and M. Oliver. To conclude with a New Farce, **SEAGULLS**: Messrs. P. Day, Russell, Stivert; Messrs. Adair, Dubois.

QUEEN'S THEATRE, Long Acre.

Manager, Mr. E. J. Young.

Every Evening at 7.30, **MY WIFE'S DENTIST**. Followed by, at 8.30, **THE TURN OF THE TIDE**: Messrs. Hermann Vezin, A. Nelson, Mellon, Keet Webb, Rignold, J. Howard, Frank Matthews, and John Ryder; Messrs. Sophia Young, H. Hodson, K. Gordon, K. Harleur, and Mrs. F. Matthews.

CHARING-CROSS.

Under the Management of Miss E. Fowler.

Every Evening, at 7.30, **EDENDALE**: Messrs. J. G. Shore, G. Temple, and Flockton; Messrs. Hughes and Lavino. To be followed by F. C. Burnand's New Burlesque **VERY LITTLE FAUST** AND **MORE MEPHISTOPHELES**: Faust, Mr. G. Wallace; Mephistopheles, Miss E. Fowler. To conclude with a Popular Farce.

NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE.

Sole Proprietor and Manager, Mr. John Douglass.

This Evening, at 8, **THE ORIGINAL CHRISTY MINSTRELS**, from the St. James's Hall: Messrs. Moore, Crocker, Rawlinson, Vestris, Collins, Nish, and Forty Performers. Manager, Mr. Frederick Burgess.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE.

This Evening, by express permission of Benjamin Webster, Esq., the **ROYAL ADELPHI COMPANY** will appear (for Ten Nights) in the great Drama of **THE SERPENT ON THE HEARTH**; **MY PRECIOUS BETSY**; **DOMESTIC ECONOMY**.

SURREY THEATRE.

Lessee, Messrs. Shepherd and Creswick.

Re-opens This Evening (Saturday, Sept. 4), for Twenty Farewell Performances, the Last under the Management of Messrs. Shepherd and Creswick. Two great and popular Surrey Dramas, **THE IDIOT OF THE MOUNTAIN** and **DEEDS NOT WORDS**. Mr. Creswick and Mr. Shepherd in their original parts, supported by a powerful company.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—Miscellaneous Entertainment. Open at Ten.

POLYTECHNIC.—Miscellaneous Entertainment, &c. Open from

Twelve till Five and from Seven till Ten.

MADAME TESSAUD'S EXHIBITION.—Open from Eleven till dusk,

and from Seven till Ten.

ROYAL ALHAMBRA.—Miscellaneous Entertainment. Night.

ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, Regent's Park.—Open daily.

ROSEHURVE GARDENS.—Miscellaneous Amusements.

THE SIGHTS OF LONDON.

1.—FAME.

British Museum; Chelsea Hospital; Courts of Law and Justice; Docks; Dulwich Gallery; East India Museum, Fife House, Whitehall; Greenwich Hospital; Hampton Court Palace; Houses of Parliament; Kew Botanic Gardens and Pleasure Grounds. Museum of Economic Geology, Jernyn-street; National Gallery; National Portrait Gallery; Patent Museum, adjoining the South Kensington Museum; Soane's Museum, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Society of Arts' Exhibitions of Inventions (in the spring of every year); St. Paul's Cathedral; Westminster Abbey; Westminster Hall; Windsor Castle; Woolwich Dockyard and Repository.

2.—BY INTRODUCTION.

Antiquarian Society's Museum, Somerset House; Armourers' Museum, 81, Coleman-street; Asiatic Society's Museum, 5, New Burlington-street; Bank of England Museum (collection of coins); Botanical Society's Gardens and Museum, Regent's-park; College of Surgeons' Museum, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Guildhall Museum (old London antiquities); Linnean Society's Museum, Burlington House; Mint (process of coining), Tower-hill; Naval Museum, South Kensington; Royal Institution Museum, Albemarle-street; Trinity House Museum, Tower-hill; United Service Museum, Scotland-yard; Woolwich Arsenal.

THE

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.

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The Illustrated Weekly News
AND LONDON HERALD.

(REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.)

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1869.

THE INTERNATIONAL CONTEST AND ITS LESSONS.

THE result of the great boat-race has redressed our aquatic balance with America. We have taught our cousins a lesson in rowing in exchange for that received in the matter of yacht racing. It was provoking enough to find many of our old cherished notions of the cut of sails and the lines of vessels abruptly dispersed. But to have discovered that the supposed science and finish of our rowing was also illusory would have been discouraging in the extreme. We have been spared this humiliation, thanks to the fine rowing of Oxford. We have, too, yet to learn that any other nation or people have attained to equal, not to mention superior, skill and style in rowing.

The struggle will long be remembered on both sides the Atlantic. The story of the day will be one of the first things which the youngster still at school, whose name has been only just put down for the next vacancy at the old Oxford house of his father or his tutor, will appropriate to himself. It will be a tradition of the University, another page in that book of many memories in which Oxford appears as the flower of the nation, and the nation as the stock bearing that consummate flower. Nor will Harvard have less reason to commemorate the gallantry of her sons. Harvard, too, is an epitome of national history.

It is nearly 250 years since the settlers in New England founded the University on the banks of the Charles in grateful imitation of the other on the banks of the Cam, where their spiritual leaders received their early training: it is 230 years since the pious Harvard, himself an old Cambridge man, gave it the endowment which has immortalized his name. Ever since Harvard has been the *Alma Mater* of New England, Harvard has educated Boston just as Boston has educated the States. The best culture of the nation is there. Nor was it other than a natural impulse of the training of this school that it should challenge our own Oxford to an "issue" which, though of merely physical training, had the crowning merit of admitting an exact comparison between the competitors.

The Harvard men are of the best families of Massachusetts. Although one of them nominally "hails" from the Sandwich Islands, it is understood that this is due to an accidental migration of his father there but three or four years since, and, like his comrades, his birth, his education, and his descent connect him with Plymouth Rock. Our men appeared in the ordinary jerseys with short sleeves reaching about a third of the way from the shoulder to the elbow, and wore the straw hats familiar to us all. The Harvard men had white scarves around their foreheads, with no covering for the crown of their heads, and their jerseys were cut away above the shoulder, so as to allow the freest action of their arms. After a little delay a start is made; the Harvard crew have jumped away, and are putting forth wonders of power; the superficial view is entirely in their favour. The Americans in the two steamers are wildly excited, and give a peculiar cheer—"rrah, 'rrah, 'rrah." The Oxford boat looks torpid by comparison, but it compels admiration by the perfect evenness of its stroke, the iron-and-steel-like, the superhuman regularity of its movement. The energy of the Harvard men was magnificent, but there was a sort of flutter even at the outset. Nevertheless they got ahead, they were doing five or six strokes more to the minute, they cleared their antagonists. If what is were a sure presage of what will be, their victory was certain. But time was of the essence of the struggles. Take a young fellow of twenty-five, such as many of us have known and may know. His pulse knows no change. His thews are as of brass. He looks out upon the world with eyes that have no shadows. He might live to be a hundred. But it is a million to one that he does not. Time will beat him. It was so with Harvard. At the moment of their greatest hopes the experts shook their heads. It was still 10 to 4. Not a third of the course had been rowed when Oxford began to overhaul their antagonists, and going under Hammersmith-bridge the Oxford bow was in a line with Harvard No. 3. The Harvard stroke evidently knew as well as everybody else the conditions of the game; and, seeing that everything depended upon keeping his crew in their position of advantage he made a desperate spurt, but the effort, though gallantly seconded, made the essential unsteadiness of his crew only more apparent. Once more, however, "rrah, 'rrah, 'rrah" burst from American lips. The dread-

enemy crept on, got fairly abreast, forged ahead. Something has been said of a mistake on the part of the Harvard coxswain, and had it happened, nothing could be more pardonable, seeing that coxswains are absolute novelties in Harvard experience, but we are disposed to reject the suggestion as unfounded. Certain, at all events, it is that there was nothing to compensate any error of this kind, for the little Oxford coxswain was as faultless as his men. Meanwhile the Oxford boat got two, three, apparently four lengths ahead. The Harvard crew stuck gallantly to their work, although they were all abroad as regards time, when an absolute novelty was seen. To the astonishment of those who were following, the Harvard coxswain was seen to drop his right hand into the water and splash it in the faces of his men. This manoeuvre was repeated two or three times, and it is not too much to say that something like a spasm of horror thrilled the breasts of the orthodox at the sight. The predominant thought, it must be said, was not so much astonishment at the novelty as at the confession it implied that the race was hopeless. The winning post was in sight, Oxford was three lengths ahead, and, barring accidents, nothing could save the event. A man rowing a lady in a gig did, indeed, at the last moment pull across the Oxford bow, and deprived Oxford of at least two lengths, but the victory remained unaffected in character and circumstances.

The match and its issue afford no inapt illustration of the difference between the two nations. The Englishmen were heavier and the English coxswain was lighter than the Harvard men and the Harvard coxswain: but it must remain entirely doubtful on which side the mere balance of strength inclined. As for gallantry, energy, pluck, Harvard showed an example we may hope to equal, but which we cannot excel. The victory was a victory of education, and here the advantage was all on our side. We live—not in rowing only—a closer life. The competition is sharper. The lessons of the past are more searching and more exact.

THE PANIC AMONGST LIFE-INSURERS.

It is not suprising that the collapse of the Albert Company should have exerted an influence beyond the thousands that have been made directly to suffer, and should have produced a panic among life policy-holders generally. People have not been in the habit of supposing that to insure their lives was only a particular kind of speculation. They understood perfectly that, if all the lives insured in an office were to drop at once, the claims could not be met; but every company has its actuary, whose business it is to calculate the contingencies, and the insured trusted to Mr. Buckle and the doctrine of chances to guard them against any eccentricity in the contingencies themselves. The recent catastrophe proves nothing against the trustworthiness of the principle of Life Assurance; but it affords alarming indications that persons who have paid for policies on the faith of that principle cannot be secure that the Directors to whom they confide the care of their interests will not contravene and defy it.

One of the worst consequences of this event is that by inspiring a feeling of insecurity it saps the very foundation of Life Insurances. The bursting of ordinary commercial bubbles carries with it some compensation for the incidental waste of property, in so far as it discourages the tendency of persons to rashly speculate in business they know nothing about. But whatever discourages Life Insurances must be in itself an evil, and the breaking-up of a company like the Albert is likely to create a peculiar suspicion of the general trustworthiness of investments in all such undertakings. Even such a calamity, however, will not be without its uses if it induces a thorough sifting of the circumstances to which it is owing, and makes policy-holders insist on a guarantee against the operation of similar agencies in other cases.

When a man insures his life he makes one of the simplest possible contracts. He pays a certain annual premium to secure the payment of a lump sum to his order immediately after his decease. That is the naked form of the covenant, and all that the insurer has to ask is, What ought to be the annual premium? and, What is the security for prompt payment of the sum assured when it becomes due? If the annual premiums have been properly calculated in the first instance, and, if further, the premiums received are properly invested and the working expenses are kept, as they may easily be, covered by the legitimate interest of such legitimate investments, the Insurance must flourish. Unhappily, however, with many of our companies the directors, either through greed or incompetency,—more often we fear the former, set the two latter conditions at defiance, and the capital is rashly speculated with, and the working expenses are out of all proportion to the business done, the result being of course, sooner or later, ruin. Thus it was with the Albert; thus it has been with many others.

How is this to be prevented? We have no hesitation in answering with an influential contemporary,—Adopt the mutual system. Let there be no shareholders and no commissions. Let the assurers and the assured be the same persons. Then there will be but one interest; and all the profits made will go to policy-holders instead of to shareholders. Such a system gets rid of all risks and reduces the cost of insurance to its lowest terms. The identity of interest which all the members have is the best protection against reckless or incompetent directors. There being no intermediate or secondary parties, the members can decide at a general meeting how their business shall be conducted

in proprietary offices it sometimes happens that a business in the hands of a direction every way trustworthy is taken over by another society under a totally different directorate, and is thenceforth carried on by the new parties not always with success. In such a case the policyholders, having no voice whatever in the matter, are entirely at the mercy of the directors, and unless they hold shares as well as policies they will not be listened to, however they may protest against mismanagement. A great deal has been said in favour of Government supervision, and certainly that is better than nothing, but the whole principle of proprietary societies is wrong. The mutual principle is the only one that secures to the payers of premiums every shilling of profit on premiums they pay. It is the only principle which excludes secondary interests, and gives its members a voice in its concerns. The system of intermediate profits is utterly bad, and though it may not be time yet, the hour will come when the security of the mutual principle will be valued as it deserves. If the mutual principle were better understood, the proprietary system, with all its dangers, would be exploded for ever, and a great effort—which we should be glad to see—would be made by those assured in proprietary offices to buy out the interests of the shareholders, and to reconstruct their association on the sounder and safer principle.

THE GARDEN.

FLOWER GARDEN.

SINCE last we wrote the weather has turned much colder, and many of our trees and shrubs are rapidly beginning to assume quite an autumn hue, warning us that the season for clearing away many of the bedding plants is not far distant. It will, therefore, be no longer wise to delay taking slippings, and this can mostly be accomplished without disfiguring in any way the parent plants, that they may be firmly rooted before winter. This is the great secret of preserving plants from year to year.

The Dutch bulbs, such as hyacinths, narcissuses, jonquils, tulips, &c., cannot be dispensed with where flowers in the winter and early spring are desired. The great mistake as respects these flowers is the purchasing of the bulbs late in the autumn. For early flowering especially they should be selected at once, and may be potted and plunged in some shady place beneath five or six inches of coal ashes, old tan, or any such material. The object of this is to set them growing at the roots; in fact, to have the roots pretty fully developed before the buds are excited. Then when the buds are finally cleared of summer flowers, these can be planted where they are to bloom.

It will be necessary now to cut down the stems of many herbaceous plants, pull up decayed annuals and biennials, clear away dead branches and leaves, tie up asters and other blooming plants that require support, clear the surface of all extraneous matter; also to carefully tie up dahlias with bass matting so that all the branches may be supported in their natural places, looped so that their weight is sustained, but the branches not trained out of their proper places.

There is one infallible method of treating potting stuff if suspected of containing vermin of any kind, and that is to make the pots ready a day before they are to be used, and water the soil in them with boiling water. Scald also as much as you will want for filling in. Next day it will be none too moist to work with, and there will not be a live creature in it. A dose of boiling water round the woodwork of the bin will clear away wood-lice, and as for the stuff heaped up in the open air, earthworms will do it more good than harm, as long as it lies together. Earthworms should never be ruthlessly destroyed: they are appointed by nature to ventilate the subsoil, by boring in it channels for the admission of air. On grass they may be ejected when troublesome by means of lime-water.

In the flower garden, strike verbenas, petunias, geraniums, and fuchsias; calceolarias should not be struck till next month. Blue lobelias need not be struck, nor need old plants be saved, as speciosa, the best for edging, comes quite true from the seed. Sow hardy perennials and biennials for next season's blooming. Those fit for planting out, plant where they are to remain. Put stakes to chrysanthemums before their heads get heavy. Almost every kind of herbaceous plants and evergreen shrubs may now be propagated.

Pansies may be sown, as may also most hardy annuals, to stand over winter for early blooming next spring; the latter should be sown thick, on poor, dry, hard ground, to induce a stubby and hard growth. Some seed should be saved for a second sowing in September, as, in the event of protracted warm weather, such as we had last year, some of the first sown may bloom this season. The sorts to sow now are calliopsis, clarkia, collinsia, godetia, larkspur, lupinus, nemophila, nolana, French poppy, and dwarf schizanthus. There is still time to raise a stock of hardy perennials for next season, but not a day should be lost in getting in the seed. The most useful are antirrhinums, delphiniums, Dianthus, geum, hollyhocks, Indian pink, lupinus, phlox, potentilla, silenes, sweet-williams, and wallflowers. Those already up in seed-beds should be looked over and transplanted before they get drawn through being crowded. Plants left for any length of time to spindle are likely to perish in winter, and can never make such good specimens as those that have had plenty of room from the first.

PLANT-HOUSES AND FRAMES.

Greenhouse.—Pelargoniums that have been trained out and pruned should be repotted, says the *Gardener's Magazine*, as soon as they have broken regularly. Put them into the smallest pots into which their roots can be got, so as to allow of a series of shifts till they are once more in their blooming pots. Young plants and greenhouse shrubs should be well hardened now, before going to their quarters for the winter. Let Camellias and Azaleas have plenty of sun and little water. Summer-struck Geraniums, Achimenes, and Fuchsias may be got into bloom now, to keep up a display till Christmas. Shift all forward stock requiring to bloom early. Cinerarias should now be strong, and must have no check; see that they are kept clear of fly, for they are very subject to it. A cold pit is the best place for them. Sow now, for decorating the house in early spring, clarkia polchella, nemophila insignis, erysimum perfoliatum, oenothera rosea, collinsia bicolor, veronica syriaca, and Chinese prim-

roses. Whatever needs potting, pot at once. Late shifts result in deaths during winter. All plants winter best when their pots are full of roots.

Striking Cuttings.—Those who have the convenience of a hotbed may strike cuttings at various seasons, but those who have not such conveniences may strike most common greenhouse plants under bell-glasses placed upon the floor of the greenhouse at a distance from the light, during the months of July and August, and may raise seeds upon a shelf by placing a piece of window glass over the mouth of the seed pot, and shading with paper until the seedlings are fairly above ground, after which time both the paper and glass must be removed in the evenings, and be replaced during the hottest part of the day, until they have gained sufficient strength to dispense with them entirely. In July and August the shoots of most plants will be found in the most favourable state for cuttings—that is, about half ripened; the air also sufficiently warm without artificial means to cause them to strike root, and by placing them under bell-glasses or hand-lights, and a distance from the glass, the light is so modified that they do not shrivel and dry up. Having filled the cuttings-pots very firmly with sifted soil, in which an extra portion of silver sand should be mixed, water thoroughly, and whilst the pots are draining prepare the cuttings, prick them round the sides of the pots with a small pointed stick, and close the soil about them by giving another slight watering, place upon the floor of the greenhouse with the bell glasses over them, but remove the latter during mild nights, which will tend to prevent the leaves rotting and the cuttings damping off; but if the nights are windy, only remove the glasses for a short time. Water may not be required for several days, but this must be watched for, and when required, sufficient given to thoroughly moisten the soil. As they are found to have struck root they may be brought near the light, and the bell-glasses gradually withdrawn entirely from them, and those that are well struck previous to the end of September potted singly; but it will generally be best to leave those that are not struck by that time until the turn of the winter, otherwise they would not get sufficiently established before winter. Those who have no other convenience should provide a shelf very near the glass; the front of the house, if a lean-to, is best; but if a span-roofed house, of course either side will do equally well. This shelf should have a spline nailed on to both edges, so as to form a kind of trough; this should be filled with moss or sand, into which the small pots containing fresh-potted seedlings or cuttings should be plunged; for if not plunged in some such manner there would be danger of their roots becoming too dry.

KITCHEN GARDEN.

If planted out as advised in former calendars, the crops of broccolis, Brussels sprouts, savoy, and Scotch kale ought to be strong and vigorous. Where they have been planted between rows of peas and potatoes, fork up the ground between the rows as the crops of the latter are removed. If they are too close together in the rows, take every other plant out to make fresh rows. They will scarcely feel the shift if a favourable opportunity is seized for transplanting them. Where the space is limited and every inch of ground has to be made the most of, it is a very good plan to plant thickly and transplant at this season. Continue to take up the early crops of potatoes as they complete their growth. Celery in all stages requires an abundant supply of water; give liquid manure and clear water alternately.

FRUIT GARDEN.

Throw nets over fruit-bushes to keep off the birds, and give a little shade to keep a few bunches hanging for a late supply. Put wasp-traps about the vines and peaches, or stick a few lumps of loaf-sugar among the branches, and as long as there is any sugar left they will not touch a single fruit. Nail in all good shoots on wall-trees, that they may have the heat of the wall to ripen them. Encourage in every possible way the ripening of the wood of the season. If any trees have been allowed to get crowded, thin them a little now to admit the sunshine amongst the well-placed shoots and spurs. Windfalls to be sent into the house every morning for immediate use. Gather fruit in dry weather, and, as a rule, not till quite ripe. Plant strawberries, or there will be no time for them to get established before winter.

SUMMER TRIPS.—OSTEND.

A short visit to Ostend is a pleasant summer trip. The "Ostenders" sail every morning, and ordinarily make the voyage in four hours and a half. The passage is a delightful one. On leaving Ramsgate the first great object of interest is the "Goodwin," the great and terrible sand which crosses the mouth of the bay formed by the Forelands, as a string does that of a bow. Its presence is indicated by three light ships—one, the boat passes, called the "North Sand Head," or, in sailors' language, "Norsaned," bearing three lights; a second, opposite Deal, called the "Gull," bearing two lights; and a third, in front of St. Margaret's Cliff, called the "South Sand Head," bearing a single light. In foggy weather, when these lights are not distinguishable, gongs are sounded every five minutes, and cannon fired every quarter of an hour. The lights on the North Foreland, Ramsgate and Margate piers, and the double lights of the South Foreland, complete these benevolent arrangements. A few miles beyond the sand, the sea assumes the deep blue colour which indicates the presence of deep water. The boat now crosses the great ship track of the British Channel; vessels of all nations are in sight. But for one foreigner, a hundred English sail are in sight. At mid-channel the boat from Ostend goes dashing by, and as she passes salutes her companion, by dropping the Belgian flag. Soon afterwards Dunkirk is sighted; then Newport; then "Les Dunes," like a line of silver fire; and then Ostend. A pilot-boat, full of red sailors, cheer as the boat, dressed in her gayest bunting, flies up the harbour, screaming with her new steam-whistle as she goes, and arousing from their slumbers the douaniers who wait her arrival. No passports are asked for, no trouble with luggage, no fees; the traveller blesses the King, and walks to the hotel on the Quai de L'Empereur.

On reaching the custom-house pier, we have only to walk round the splendid "Bassin de Commerce," constructed by Louis Napoleon, and we are at once received by an elegant railway station, when we are informed that we may go to Bruges, Ghent, Courtray, Lille, or, by way of Malines, to Antwerp or Brussels; and then "all over the world;" but if we have only one night to spend "abroad," that a train at seven o'clock in the evening will carry us in half-an-hour to Bruges, and in less than an hour to Ghent.

The hotels are clean, commodious, and well served. The finest is the Hotel de l'Allemagne, the Hotel de la Couronne, and the Hotel du Chemin de Fer, opposite the railway station, and kept by an Englishman.

The town of Ostend is well built, the streets are wide, and cross each other at right angles; but its distinguishing feature is found in its fortifications. The ramparts are nearly three miles in circumference; on the southern side, near the sea, they are of prodigious strength; the moats are triple, and bastions, mounds, and redoubts are duplicated and re-duplicated till the utmost resources of Vauban's art appear to be exhausted. As a fortress, Ostend forms the first member of that great chain of defences which were intended to protect Belgium on the side of France. The peace securing railway crosses these formidable works.

Ostend endured, from 1601 to 1604, one of the most horrible sieges recorded in history. For three years and a quarter the armies of "most Christian Spain" deprived it of the whole "stay and staff of bread." Fifty thousand of the besieged, and eighty thousand of the besiegers, miserably perished. At length, by command of the States General, the doing town opened its gates to the Spanish General Spinola, who, in his triumph, took all that his cannon had left—a heap of ruins. So terrible was the bombardment, that the poor Flemings, to this day, declare it was heard in London.

The churches are spacious, half-ruined structures, but famous for the splendour of their services. Processions frequently pass from the altar to the streets; and on St. Peter's Day the united clergy of the town, attended by a gorgeous retinue, and escorted by the civil and military authorities, proceed to a small eminence on the line of fortification, and there, in the name of Peter the Fisherman of Galilee, and in sight of "La Mer du Nord," publicly bless the sea.

English is generally spoken, and an English episcopal chapel has been opened in the Rue des Soeurs Blanches.

THE CONTINENTAL TOURIST.—VIEW OF GAETA.

GAETA, although a fortified seaport town of Southern Italy, has not figured to any extent in the recent war. It is situated about 41 miles north-west of Naples, and 72 miles south-west of Rome. It is considered as one of the keys of the kingdom of Italy, being strong from its position, and defended by walls flanked with bastions and redoubts, and by a square castle situated on a rock. Its suburbs are, as their population shows, much more extensive than the town itself.

Gaeta is irregularly built; its streets are narrow and steep. Those in the city are, however, greatly inferior to those in the suburbs. It has a cathedral with a fine tower, the construction of which is attributed to the Emperor Frederic Barbarossa, nine other churches, several convents, a public seminary, an hospital, and a founding asylum. On the isthmus connecting the citadel with the mainland stands Torre d'Orlando, originally the tomb of Placius, and near the suburb of Castellone is the tower of Cicero. Its port, which has seven fathoms of water, though not the largest, is one of the safest and best of Italy. This city is the seat of a bishop, under the superintendence of the Pope. It is the centre of a considerable trade. Its neighbourhood is extremely beautiful, and covered with villas and country houses.

Gaeta is very ancient. Virgil says it derived its name from the nurse of Aeneas buried in it.

It became the residence of many opulent patrician families of Rome, and Cicero was put to death, by order of Antony, in its immediate vicinity. After the fall of the western empire, it had a republican form of government, at the head of which, however, was placed a duke, acknowledging the temporal supremacy of the Pope. It coined its own money till 1191.

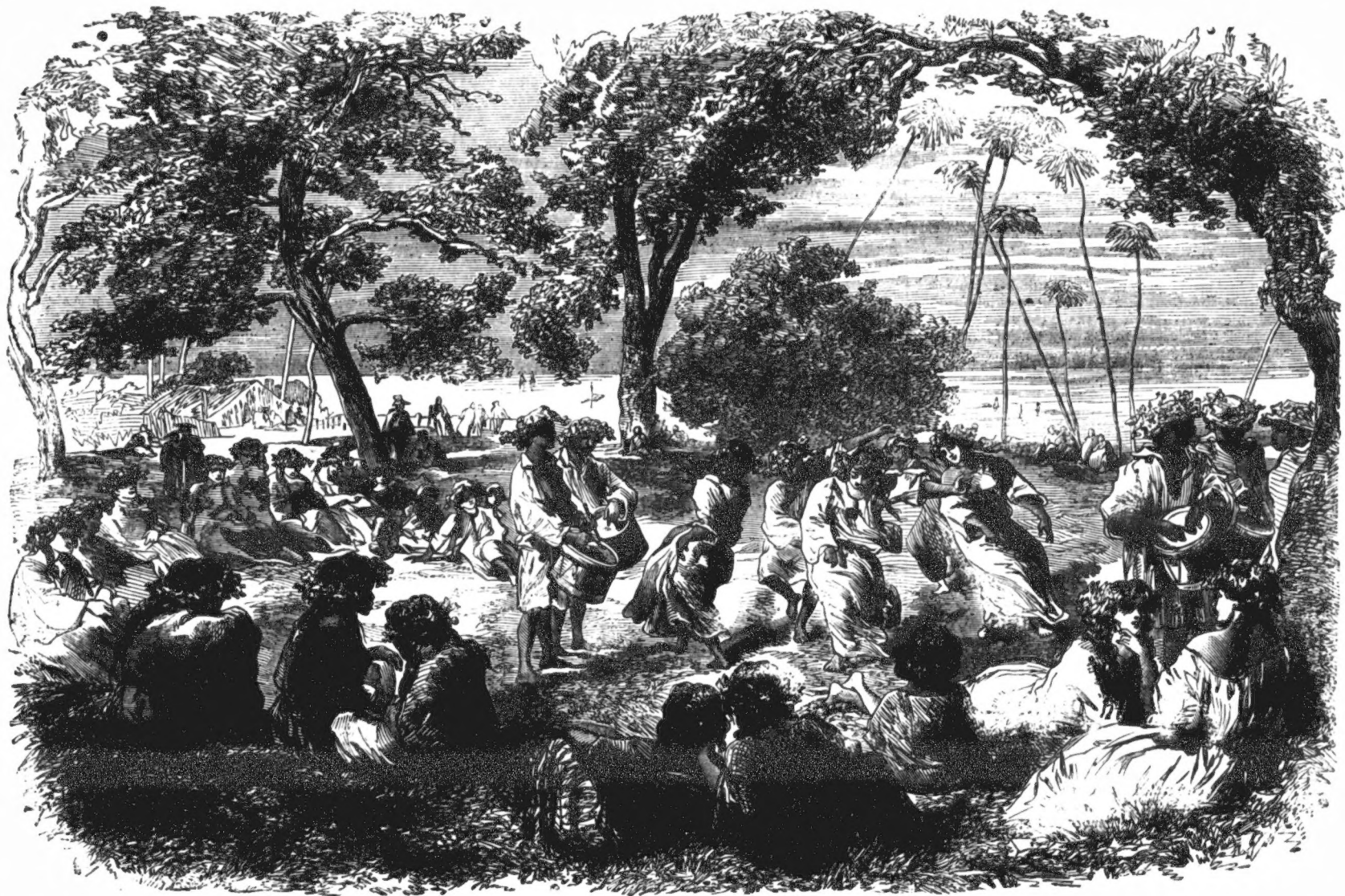
ST. JAMES'S PALACE.

ST. JAMES'S PALACE, Westminster, on the north side of St. James's Park, and at the western end of Pall Mall, occupies the site of a hospital, founded by some pious citizens prior to the Norman Conquest, for fourteen leprosy patients, to whom eight brethren were added to perform divine service. The good work was dedicated to St. James, and was endowed by the citizens with lands; and in 1290, Edward I. granted to the foundation the privilege of an annual fair, to be held on the eve of St. James and six following days. The house was rebuilt by Berkyng, Abbot of Westminster, in Henry III.'s reign; and its perpetual custody was granted by Henry VI. to Eton College. In 1532, Henry VIII. obtained the hospital in exchange for Chertisham and other lands in Suffolk; he then dismissed the inmates, pensioned the sisterhood; and having pulled down the ancient structure, he "purchased all the meadows about St. James's, and there made a faire mansion and a park for his greater commoditie and pleasure" (Holinshed): the Sutherland view of 1543 shows the palace far away in the fields. "The Manor House," as it was then called, is believed to have been planned by Holbein, and built under the direction of Cromwell, Earl of Essex. Henry's gatehouse and turrets face St. James's-street; the original hospital, to judge from the many remains of stone mullions, labels, and other masonry, found in 1838, on taking down some parts of the Chapel Royal, was of the Norman period. It was occasionally occupied by Henry as a semi-rural residence, down to the period when Wolsey surrendered Whitehall to the Crown. Edward and Elizabeth rarely resided at St. James's; but Mary made it the place of her gloomy retirement during the absence of her husband, Philip of Spain; and here she expired. The Manor House, with all its appurtenances, except the park and the stables or the mews, were granted by James I. to his son Henry in 1610, at whose death, at 1612, they reverted to the Crown. Charles I. enlarged the palace, and most of his children (including Charles II.) were born in it. Here he deposited the gallery of antique statues principally collected for him by Sir Kenneth Digby. In this reign was fitted up the chapel of the hospital, on the west side, as the Chapel Royal. Here Charles I. attended divine service on the morning of his execution: "from hence the king walked through the park, guarded with a regiment of foot and partisans, to Whitehall."

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SUMMER SCENES.—(SEE PAGE 1411)



HARVEST FEIES AT TAHITI.—(SEE PAGE 1411.)

An Incredible Story.

I.—SHE IS NOT DEAD, BUT SLEEPETH.

THE fierce rays of an almost tropical sun at high noon slanted through the open windows of Magnolia Cottage, where Heinrich von Wetzlar stood by the bedside of his deceased wife. His little daughter Annette—a girl of five years—stood at his side; but, for all that, he was alone—alone, though a troop of men and angels had surrounded him; for what can disturb the desert solitude which Death flings about itself as a broad mantle, and about all who enter its presence? The very fullness of life on that summer noon, hints of which were borne through the windows with the stately sighings of the wind and the fragrance of Southern flowers, intensified and heightened, by contrast, the rigour and abysmal silence of that slumber upon which Von Wetzlar intently gazed.

That terrible scourge of New Orleans—the yellow-fever—had visited the city with unusual severity. Magnolia Cottage was situated in one of the least crowded quarters of the city; yet this locality had not escaped the fate of the others. Von Wetzlar's young wife had devoted herself day after day to visiting and nursing the sick in her neighbourhood, until she herself was stricken down by the disease, of which she soon became a victim. Fate had in its quiver no arrow so poignant as this which suddenly pierced the heart of the fond husband.

Heinrich von Wetzlar was a German, of Hebrew lineage on his father's side. His father, Otto von Wetzlar, had resided in Louisiana for a short time, years ago, and had there married Heinrich's mother, but immediately after this event had returned to his home in Vienna. While Heinrich was a mere boy his mother died; the frail Southern lady pined in vain for her genial native air. Then Otto von Wetzlar married again. This second wife—step-mother to the motherless boy—proved a curse to Otto's declining years. Partly to escape her tyranny, and partly moved by the remembrance of his mother's glowing pictures of Southern life, young Heinrich fled from Vienna to Italy, where he devoted himself to art. Dreamer and poet he had always been. His temperament, inherited from his mother, induced to contemplation; his large, lustrous, hazel eyes betokened at once the passionate eagerness of inquiry and a disposition towards mysticism. His keen analysis drove him from all the ordinary positions quietly assumed by the mass of men as to the great questions affecting human life and destiny; but, as if finding no rest beyond these landmarks, his soul seemed to wander ever in that shadowy borderland where the real blends so readily with the ideal, and the visible receives the mantle of the invisible.

After a residence of some years in Italy he was seized with an irresistible desire to visit his mother's native land. He came to New Orleans, and there, encouraged by the patronage of a few friends who had known his father, he easily contrived to satisfy his material wants, which were few and simple. Here he met Louise Darvon. At this time he was over thirty, while she was only sixteen. She was a simple French maiden of, Huguenot ancestry—a girl who could

scarcely have attracted attention by her beauty; and her parents were plain people with moderate means. Her education had been of the simplest sort, and she had none of that *distingué* style which often in the world's estimate supplies the want both of wealth and beauty. But Heinrich von Wetzlar judged not after the way of the world. He had lived for the most part a solitary life. He was now in the prime of manhood, but the dreams of his youth still lingered with him, though his youthful enthusiasm had been tempered by a ripened judgment.

Heinrich and Louise seemed to be spiritual counterparts; and there was a rare completeness, therefore, in their marriage. She was simple, earnest, and pure in heart. He was noble, and inspired in her a sense of grandeur. His wonderful subtlety of thought, his wealth of emotion, and the spirituality of his nature introduced her into a new world, where he was always her teacher. She could liken him to no one she had ever seen or heard of, until he told her of Mendelssohn, whose music they interpreted together, and some of whose literary productions he read to her—then she thought he must be like Mendelssohn. Their chief delight was in music, which became to them a sort of universal language. His very conversation seemed to echo to grand old Hebrew melodies, and as she listened it seemed as if the winds wafted fragrance and repose to her from distant Palestine. If her spirit soared to meet his, so that her love was almost adoration, it was also true that his grand sympathies found through her humble, womanly charity a way to their expression in the trodden ways of life.

This beautiful life they had lived together, for six years, and now the end had come. Von Wetzlar was startled, bewildered, stunned. It was as if the repose of heaven had been broken. The dearness of this woman and his need of her had never before been so sensibly felt. He stood upon the brink of an abyss which his thoughts—subtle and deep as they were—could not compass or fathom. His soul was moved to its depths. To such men the tragedy of such infinite loss is not simply solemn. It is a great Agitator. It is not strange, therefore, that to Von Wetzlar, in the presence of this mighty sorrow, the great problem of human destiny—as it seemed to him—namely, the question of the future life, presented itself anew. But, eager as were the questionings of the soul, he seemed confronted by a sphinx that answered only in riddles. The suggestions of this intellect seemed almost cruel, intruding as they did into the sacred presence-chamber of his tenderest emotions.

"Is this the end?" he asked. "In the midst of all this life has my Louise drooped as do the flowers, to fall away into a mere heap of dust? Even the crazy old alchemists had a fancy that, by some magical process, they could restore from the dust of the rose at least its phantom—a semblance of the real flower. Is not the Divine chemistry as potent as that? It cannot be that my rose is lost to me for ever!" He reviewed in thought the testimony of the race: he recalled *Phædo* and the sublime passages in Paul's epistle to the Corinthians. Then that movement of the glorious oratorio of the "Messiah" swept over his soul—so susceptible to the impressions of music—"I know that my Redeemer liveth." But still he was not satisfied. The calm surface of his thoughts had been disturbed by the heavy plummet of Death, and the waves still undulated in ever-widening circles toward an uncertain shore. Oh, if the Master could have spoken to his heart as he did to the house of Jairus: "She is not dead, but sleepeth!"

II.—APOCALYPTIC.

THE dead in this time of peril were hurriedly buried. As the sun declined the face of Louise, after receiving the last fond kisses of the husband and daughter, was hid from their view, and they followed her to her resting-place in the French cemetery.

Two men met the sombre cortege as it returned from the cemetery whose characters must here be described. They were not together, but met the procession at different stages of its course.

One of these was Doctor Eugene Gurdon, who had just issued from his library in his mansion on Carondelet-street. Both by his dress and his walk it could be seen that he was a fastidious gentleman of easy manners and perfect self-possession. In his taste and mental constitution he was very much of a Parisian. He was a passionate lover of the beautiful, and shrank from ugliness and deformity with almost a shudder. Yet this man, to whom disease was disgusting made it the great study of his life. This lover of the beautiful spent no small portion of his time in anatomical dissections. The sight of pain was a torment, but he was so skilled in its alleviation that he was the most promising young surgeon in New Orleans.

As he met the procession, and could see through the windows of the leading carriage the sorrow-stricken faces of Von Wetzlar and his little girl, his heart was touched, and he said to himself, "Alas, how sad!" and the frequency of such spectacles in those death-crowded days did not diminish the profoundness of his sympathy. Looking into his naturally cheerful, but now somewhat pensive face, and into his clear grey eyes that almost changed their colour under the influence of emotion, you would have said: "This man is a child of nature—open as men rarely are to all material influences, palpable or subtle. His smile answers to the faintest gleam of sunshine, and his heart is swayed by cloud and storm; and although he is so much of a philosopher, his philosophy affords no shield to cover, no mask to disguise his susceptibility."

The other man to whom we alluded was Pierre Martin. As he met the procession he also looked upon the faces of the chief mourners, and knew that Louise von Wetzlar had been buried. He gazed with stolid indifference upon the insignia of their great sorrow. He had once been a lover of Louise—if anything could be called love which was cherished in Martin's heart; it was certainly the purest and worthiest emotion that had ever entered there. But she, with that unerring intuition which belongs to such pure, spiritual natures, had avoided him from the first, until at length his passionate love had been turned to bitter hate.

Martin was a thoroughly selfish man. He was endowed with a very fair exterior, with a strong intellect, and with consummate impudence. He loved intrigue, and delighted in playing upon other men as upon the strings of an instrument. He had acted upon the stage, had written stray articles for the press, and was now a sort of attaché to the Medical College which he had entered some years before, and where he still lingered, not as a student, but upon good terms with all.

He had been sauntering along the street, but as the procession passed him his steps were arrested as by some suddenly conceived purpose. "Ah!" he chuckled to himself—"a capital idea! Bold—but why not? Faint heart never won fair lady. Eh, let us see!" and he turned down toward the river-side, chuckling to himself as one might over

some splendid joke. Reaching the levee, his attention was directed toward a group of seamen lounging about the wharf, where lay a steamer that to-morrow was to take departure for some distant port. A conversation followed in low tones between Martin and two or three of this group whom he had drawn aside. Some bargain was completed, apparently, for as Martin left them he slipped a few gold pieces into their hands.

When we left Doctor Gurdon he was on his way to a remote and solitary cottage in the outskirts of the city, occupied by a young medical student, whose name was Spaulding, and who was a friend and protégé of the doctor's. This youth ushered the Doctor into a parlour where three or four other students were evidently awaiting him. This was the "Gurdon clique," which pursued investigations on its own account; it was a kind of episode, as related to the regular operations of the College. The Doctor was to lecture to this select company this evening on the Structure of the human Brain; and Pierre Martin had engaged to provide a suitable "subject" for additional investigations in the apartment adjoining the parlour, and which was known as the "Dissecting-Room." He had provided "subjects" in this way on previous occasions.

Doctor Gurdon entered upon his preliminary lecture, which was interesting and decidedly original. An hour passed. It was ten o'clock, and no advices had been received from Martin. But the topic of the evening was one of absorbing interest, and the Doctor continued his lecture. His mind was abundantly stored with narratives of peculiar psychological experiences illustrating his theories. After midnight a knock at the outer door was recognised as Martin's. The long-expected Something was hurriedly transferred to the dissecting-room, where the mysterious parcel was opened by Spaulding and Martin. Two dark blue eyes slowly opened that should have been for ever sealed, and Pierre Martin was confronted by a living face that should have belonged to the dead. He gave one look of astonishment and terror, and then, without a word, fled from the house as if pursued by a phantom.

The other students were abruptly dismissed without knowing the details, and Spaulding and Doctor Gurdon were left alone with their strange and unaccountably proceeding Subject.

FOREIGN AND COLONIAL.

FRANCE.

PARIS, August 28.

The official journal of this morning says:—"Alarming rumours have been circulated about the Emperor's health. These rumours are false. The rheumatic pains his Majesty is suffering from are disappearing more and more every day. An investigation is being made with a view to discover the authors and propagators of the disquieting rumours, which may be attributed to regrettable manoeuvres."

PARIS, August 31, Evening.

The *Patrie* of this evening states that Don Carlos embarked yesterday evening at a port of Guipuzcoa on board a foreign vessel bound for England.

SPAIN.

MADRID, August 31.

The last remnants of the Carlist bands have disappeared, and perfect tranquillity is reported from all parts of the Peninsula.

It is said that Senor Lorenzana has been appointed Spanish Ambassador at Rome.

General Prim has arrived at Vichy.

INDIA.

BOMBAY, August 25.

The statement of the *Times of India* that the durbar intended at Agra in honour of His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh would probably not be held, owing to the scarcity of food and distress in Rajpootana and in the province of Gwalior, has been authoritatively confirmed. All preparations are postponed until the result of the growing crops shall be ascertained.

MASSACRE OF MISSIONARIES IN CHINA.

HONG KONG, August 5.

The reports that some missionaries have been massacred in the province of Szechuen are confirmed. Twenty persons, among whom is supposed to be a French priest, have been killed.

The Pekin Government has ordered the Hungchan to proceed to Szechuen in order to examine and report on this affair.

AMERICA.

THE INTERNATIONAL BOAT RACE.

NEW YORK, August 27.

The news of the victory of the Oxford crew reached New York at about one o'clock this afternoon (6 p.m. Greenwich time). Great interest was manifested.

NEW YORK, August 30.

His Royal Highness Prince Arthur arrived at Prince Edward's Island on Saturday, and was received with great enthusiasm.

The American press comment at considerable length upon the boat race, and express great satisfaction at the fair play and hospitality received by the Harvard crew in England. They also express a hope that the Oxford crew will visit America, and assure them a cordial welcome.

NEW YORK, August 31.

Mr. George Peabody has recovered from his recent serious illness.

Conflicting reports are circulating regarding the proposed purchase of Cuba from Spain by the Cubans, through the aid of the United States. It is, however, officially stated that no action has as yet been taken by Spain in the matter. Cuban advices report desultory fighting, but no decisive results.

A FARMER SHOT DEAD IN IRELAND.—A telegram states that a farmer named Hunter, a Scotchman, living five or six miles from Newport, County Mayo, was shot dead near his own house at ten o'clock on Sunday night. He was driving home on a cart, with his wife, son, and servant, and, finding some obstruction on the road, pulled up. Immediately an assassin came out, and, lodging two pistol-balls in his body, killed him instantly. The others of the party were uninjured. The motive of the crime is believed to be that the deceased was levying a dole on a tenant. Two men have been arrested on suspicion.

CRIMES AND CASUALTIES.

At Malton, a few days ago, a North Eastern railway guard was attacked by a monkey, and had one arm desperately bitten and torn. A druggist tried to poison the brute, but could not, as it seemed to eat poison with impunity. Next day it was shot.

SUICIDE FROM THE CLIFTON SUSPENSION BRIDGE.—On Saturday evening a young man, of whose identity nothing satisfactory has been ascertained, committed suicide by precipitating himself from the suspension bridge into the river Avon, near Bristol, and met with an instantaneous and terrible death.

A SERIOUS accident has just occurred in the Marseilles docks. Two workmen were each carrying a box of gunpowder for blowing up mines, when they imprudently passed near a warm engine, instead of going round a little way; the boxes caught fire and exploded. The two men, and two others standing near were fearfully burnt. It is a wonder they were not all killed on the spot.

RAILWAY ACCIDENT NEAR OLDHAM.—On Tuesday morning, at half-past five, an excursion train from Oldham to Scarborough was run into at Shaw Station, near Oldham, by another excursion train proceeding to Fleetwood. Many of the passengers were severely injured, one man having both legs broken, and a woman sustaining three several fractures of the leg.

SUDDEN DEATH OF A SPORTSMAN.—On Saturday last Mr. Thomas Patton, of Glenalmond, while out shooting on the moors on his estate, suddenly fell upon the ground, and expired instantaneously. The deceased gentleman was elder brother of the Lord Justice Clerk, presiding judge in the second division of the Court of Session, Edinburgh. Death is supposed to have been caused by heart disease.

A DREADFUL case of shooting by mistake is reported in the *New York Tribune*. At half-past 12 o'clock on the morning of August 9th, Philip Gilmartin, proprietor of the Lake View House, Cleveland, shot and instantly killed his son, Thomas Gilmartin, while the latter was attempting to enter the house. The father mistook his son for a burglar. Mr. Gilmartin was arrested, and held to await an investigation of the matter.

A Glasgow gentleman named Mc Henry, who has been "doing" Yorkshire on a bicycle, was found on Wednesday morning last week by two miners on the moors near Rosedale, lying head downwards in a ditch, and his bicycle lying upon him. From the marks on the road it appeared that the machine had become unmanageable in a deep rut, and had run over the bank and capsized. The gentleman was quite unconscious, and had evidently been lying out all night.

SAD OCCURRENCE.—On Tuesday last week, a telegram was received in Liverpool announcing that Mrs. M'Iver, wife of Mr. David M'Iver, of that town, had been drowned whilst bathing at Garth Point, near Beaumaris. The unfortunate lady was the daughter of Mr. Robert Rankin, one of the leading shipowners of Liverpool. She was staying, with her husband and three children, at Mr. M'Iver's seat, near Beaumaris.

SUNSTROKE.—Cases of sunstroke were frequent during the hot weather last week. In one or two instances the result was fatal. On Friday Major Fairtlough, adjutant of the Cumberland Volunteers, was early in the day struck with the sun, and had to be conveyed in a cab to his hotel. Several volunteers in the ranks were also sun-struck and fell down. Towards the finish of the movements one of the staff officers, Major Fletcher, was sunstruck, and he, too, had to be carefully tended.

SUICIDE FROM THE THAMES EMBANKMENT.—On Monday afternoon a middle-aged man committed self-destruction by leaping into the river Thames from the Embankment. The unfortunate man, it appears, was seen walking along towards Westminster-bridge. When he got as far as the Charing-cross Railway-bridge, or a little past it, he jumped upon the stone-work of the Embankment, and then leaped head first into the water. The drags were at once brought to the spot, and were put in motion, but the body could not be recovered. He was about 40 years of age, and was respectably dressed.

FEARFUL SUICIDE ON THE LANCASHIRE AND YORKSHIRE RAILWAY.—A suicide of a most deliberate character took place on Friday morning on the Liverpool and Southport branch of the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway. About half-past six o'clock, as the up train from Liverpool to Crossley, &c., was approaching Miller's Bridge station, a respectably-attired man rushed through the hedge near the station, and before the engine could be pulled up one of the buffers struck his head and pitched him off the line. When picked up it was found that his left arm was broken and his head fearfully smashed.

A FOREST ON FIRE IN FRANCE.—The local journals of the Gironde speak of a terrible conflagration which raged for several days in that department, destroying nearly 20 square kilometres of pine forest between Pierroton and Canoley. The fire was first seen in the property of MM. Pereire, and continued burning three days and two nights. Several houses became the prey of the flames, and a sick woman is said to have been burnt alive in her habitation. The flames were at length extinguished by the energetic efforts of the population, aided by some employees of the Southern Railway and a battalion of the 31st of the line.

THE FATAL OCCURRENCE AT WORMHOLT SCRUBS.—An inquest respecting the death of the little girl who was shot whilst picking up lead near one of the rifle butts at Wormholt Scrubs was resumed on Monday. The London Brigade were using the range of the Queen's Westminster at the time, and the West Middlesex were practising at their own butt. The shot which struck the girl was fired at the West Middlesex butt, but witnesses were called who showed that that corps had left off firing at that time. After a long investigation, the jury found that the girl was shot by a bullet which came from the London Rifle Brigade, and that her death was accidental.

DEATHS FROM POISON.—A laborer and his wife, named Lincfield, have just died under somewhat singular circumstances at Waltham, a village near Canterbury, and several persons have narrowly escaped a similar fate. Lane field had begged of his master a tub which had contained a composition to be applied to the backs of sheep, and, although cautioned, used it to draw water from a well, not having thoroughly cleaned it from the poisonous particles left in the wood. The deceased during their illness suffered from intense thirst, and the neighbours gave them water to drink which had been standing in the fatal bucket for some hours after it had been drawn from the well. Other persons who had drunk of the water have recovered.

KILLED BY LIGHTNING.—A terrible storm broke over the town of Caldwell, New Jersey, United States, on the evening of Sunday, the 15th of August. A young man, Stephen Pierce, was walking home from the Methodist Episcopal Church, in company with a young lady, when the village was suddenly illuminated with an intense light, and Pierce and his companion fell to the ground. The lady was stunned, but she soon recovered and screamed for help. When help arrived nothing was found of the young man who had accompanied her but mangled remains. His boots were stripped from his feet, his limbs were severed and lacerated, and the features were not recognizable by those who had known him in life. The unfortunate young man is said to be the third of his family who have lost their lives by the same cause.

NARROW ESCAPE OF A WHOLE FAMILY FROM DROWNING.—Early on Sunday morning a gentleman visiting at Broadstairs went out for a sail with his wife, five children and a nurse girl, in a small sailing-boat. While out at sea they were suddenly caught in the gale which was prevalent on Sunday, and, though anxiously looked for, they did not return all that day. Telegraphic messages were despatched all along the coast, but without gaining any tidings of the frail vessel and her occupants. The last heard of her was that at three o'clock on Sunday afternoon she was seen sailing past Deal. The occupants of the boat were given up for lost, when at a late hour yesterday news arrived that they were all safe. They were unable to make for land, and seeing no other chance of safety, they had sought shelter all night in a schooner lying off Dover.

Six inquests were held in different parts of London on Saturday on the bodies of drowned persons. The first was a lad of six years old, who, while trying to secure a bit of wood floating in the Regent's canal, lost his balance and was drowned. The second was a lad two years older, who fell head foremost from the swing bridge at Camberwell, and lost his life in the Grand Surrey Canal. The third was a youth of sixteen who was drowned near Blackfriars-bridge, through the capsizing of a boat. The fourth was a seaman, who was drowned through getting out of his depth while bathing at Rotherhithe-stairs. The fifth was a young man of nineteen, who went with a friend to see the boat race; at Putney bridge he made the boat roll about till it capsized, and he was drowned. The sixth case was that of a child aged eight years.

TWO SCHOOLBOYS DROWNED.—An inquest was held at Fleetwood on Tuesday, on the bodies of two youths named Robert Oldworth, son of Major Oldworth, Cork, and James Morton Olden, son of the vicar of Ballycough, Ireland. The lads were each fifteen years old, and were pupils at Rossall College, near Fleetwood. On Saturday they went along with the other scholars to their bathing-place on the sea shore near the college. Usually there are two sergeants and a life-boat with the boys when they go to bathe, but on Saturday the boys reached the water first. The deceased separated themselves several hundred yards from their companions and got to a place beyond the boundaries of the bathing-place. They were last seen on a sand bank, splashing water at each other, and were then heard to say, "Let us go out of our depth." Both boys afterwards got out of their depth and were drowned. The jury returned a verdict of accidental death.

SHOCKING OCCURRENCE.—A few mornings ago Mr. Richard Brindley, of Church-street, Ashbourn, Derbyshire, and Mr. John Goodall, farmer, of Painter's lane, were returning home together from the house of Mr. Archer, of Ashbourn Lodge. Mr. Goodall was driving a spirited horse, and proceeding at a brisk pace down the carriage-road when he attempted to pass through the partly open entrance gate. This he almost succeeded in doing; indeed so nearly that the wheel of the trap caught the gate by about one inch only, sufficient, however, to stop the conveyance. Both gentlemen were pitched out and killed upon the spot. Mr. Archer had sent a farm servant to precede them and open the gate, but he was overtaken and left behind. Death must have been instantaneous, as the necks of both were found to be broken. Mr. Brindley leaves a wife and family to mourn their loss. Mr. Goodall, a finely-built man of unusual stature, was not married, but leaves a widowed mother.

A MAD COW IN THE CITY.—On Monday evening no little excitement was caused in the immediate vicinity of Leather-lane, Holborn, and the different thoroughfares leading past old Smithfield-market, arising from a cow which was being driven from the Cattle-market, at Holloway, to the Surrey side of the river. Upon reaching Leather-lane the animal got infuriated, broke away from the drover, dashed amongst the stalls of the people in the street, knocked down several of the owners, and severely injured them. It next darted off along Charterhouse-street, butting at everybody and everything in its way, and finally so gored and trampled upon a boy that he had to be taken to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, where he at present remains. The cow then dashed off at, if possible, a more rapid rate towards Long-lane, knocking down several other persons, and eventually rushed into a timber-yard and fell into a saw-pit, and was thereby stopped from doing further mischief. It is stated that the intense heat of the weather had driven the animal mad.

TWENTY-ONE HOUSES DESTROYED.—A disastrous fire is reported from Devonshire. It broke out in the village of Chawleigh, North Devon, on Wednesday afternoon last week, and continued for several hours. Nearly all the buildings in the village being thatched the flames had complete mastery, razing to the ground 21 houses, and depriving of house and home 74 souls. The people of the village all thronged to the dreadful scene, and everything possible was done to save the furniture from burning. There was no fire-engine in the village, the nearest one being in the parish of Chulmleigh, a distance of two miles. This was obtained, and all the water in the wells was soon exhausted. The engine was disabled by the mud and gravel poured into it. Water was then fetched in casks from the Little Dart, which flows through the valley; but little was done in this way towards allaying the progress of the flames. Before the engine arrived the worst had been done—21 houses and racks of hay and straw were burning. A pig, belonging to Mr. Webber, of the London Inn, and some poultry perished, but no personal injury was sustained.

GREAT FIRE IN CLERKENWELL.—On Tuesday morning, between two and three o'clock, a fire broke out on the premises of Mr. Thomas Strickland, pianoforte manufacturer, Percival-street, Clerkenwell. The premises are approached by a narrow gateway in Percival-street, and are surrounded by houses in other streets. The fire was discovered by the police, and an alarm was at once given, which speedily drew several

engines to the spot. The firemen went vigorously to work, but owing to the inflammable nature of the stock, as well as the difficulties of the approaches to the place, the flames spread with great fury and defied all attempts to subdue them. Some of the firemen, in carrying the hose of the engine over the roof of a house, slipped and fell into the blazing premises. S. Middleton and Sergeant were not able to extricate themselves and were got out with great difficulty. They were conveyed to their homes in a bad state and received medical attendance. The fire burnt itself out, completely destroying the premises. In addition some 20 or 30 houses were more or less damaged. The cause of the conflagration is at present unknown. The loss will fall on the Sun, Phoenix, Norwich Union, and other offices.

CONFESSION OF A DIABOLICAL DEED.—A man named John Bowen, 64 years of age, laid information about five months ago before the Erie Railway Company against a farmer, living near Port Jervis, of having tampered with railway trucks. The man was arrested on the strength of Bowen's testimony; but the trial resulted in the acquittal of the accused, and the arrest of the accuser on a charge of perjury, and of being himself guilty of what he had laid to the charge of another in order to gain the reward of 2,000 dols. On the 19th of the present month Bowen made a confession, in the presence of the judge, the district attorney, and others, that the dreadful railway accident at Carr's Rock, on the 15th of April, 1868, whereby upwards of a score of persons met an instantaneous and terrible death, and some fifty or sixty were badly wounded, was caused by his tampering with the rails. The prisoner did not assign any intelligible motive for the deed, but it seemed to have been his habit to be meddling with the line whenever he walked along it. He added that he might not live long, and did not like to die with so much on his conscience. Since he had been there he could not sleep at nights.

SHIPWRECKS AND LOSS OF LIFE.—The sudden change in the weather since Sunday last has caused many disasters to shipping round the coast. On Sunday morning the wind blew a gale, and numbers of vessels had to seek the shelter of the nearest ports. At Rhyl much damage was done, and the Jane and Mary sloop was stranded; she is likely to become a total wreck. The schooner Alexander, belonging to Chester, and bound from Cardiff to Sligo, struck on the Maen Pisgar Rascolyn, and the crew had only time to escape when she sank in deep water. The Schooner Venture, of Dublin, bound from Liverpool to Courtown, dragged her anchors and was stranded; as also did the brigantine Wave, of Cork, on the Broad Sand, Courtmasherry. The crew were saved. The Fawn (ligger), belonging to Lowestoft, came in collision in the North Sea with a brig supposed to be the San Juan, and foundered. The whole of the crew were saved. A telegram has been received from Malta, stating that the English brig Mary Martha, belonging to Whitehaven, had capsized in a heavy squall, and that excepting three all the crew were drowned. Other minor casualties with the loss of life are reported.

AN INGENUOUS SWINDLE.—A Berne journal relates that a certain commotion has been created at Interlaken by the following occurrence:—Last week M. Ruchti, the proprietor of the Hotel Victoria, received a telegram from Geneva, signed "Alexandre Dumas, Pere," announcing the desire of that author to give a literary *soirée* for the benefit of the victims of the Stockhorn, and requesting to know if he could have the use of the hotel for that purpose. M. Ruchti immediately replied in the affirmative. The next day the secretary of the great writer arrived and explained that M. Dumas could only come to Interlaken on condition of a certain receipt being ensured. Thereupon the hotel-keeper exerted his influence, and succeeded in getting tickets taken, at 10fr. each, to the amount of 2,000fr., which he handed over to the secretary, and then sent off word to Geneva that all was ready for that evening. But here another difficulty occurred. Another telegram came to say that M. Dumas had met with a slight accident and could not arrive till the day after. The *fête* was therefore postponed to the morrow, but at a very early hour the discovery was made to the effect that the *soi-disant* secretary had decamped with all the receipts, leaving poor Ruchti a victim to his enthusiasm for literature. The delinquent was traced as far as the pass of the Brunig, but no further.

FIGHT ON A SCAFFOLD.—At the Stratford police-court, on Friday, James Garvin, bricklayer, was charged with assaulting William Bunn, a bricklayer, of Stratford, and wilfully throwing him off a scaffold. Arthur Runnacles, a bricklayer, deposed that on the 24th inst., about two o'clock, he was at work on some new buildings in Hamfrith-road with William Bunn. He heard Garvin, who was passing, call to Bunn, and ask him for his money. Bunn refused to pay him. Garvin went up the scaffold, which was 35ft. high, and asked Bunn again to pay him. Bunn refused, and Garvin went down. He then called out that if Bunn did not pay him he would throw him off the scaffold. Garvin then went up the scaffold again, and seized Bunn by the throat, and endeavoured to throw him off the scaffold. Bunn closed with the prisoner, and a fearful struggle ensued, when both of them fell off together. Appended to the charge-sheet was a certificate from Dr. Kennedy that Bunn had been seriously injured, and was in a precarious condition, three or four of his ribs being broken. It would be some considerable time before he would be able to attend. The prisoner was supported in a chair while the case was being heard, and it was stated by the police that he had received severe injuries in the fall. The bench remanded the prisoner pending the recovery of Bunn so far as to allow of his attendance.

FATAL BATHING ACCIDENT AT MALTON.—A sad affair occurred in the Derwent, near Old Malton, on Saturday evening. Above the town there is a place known as "The Rapids," where the river runs over the limestone and where many resort to bathe. Several young gentlemen went there with a swimming master on Saturday. Immediately below the rapids the river becomes very deep, and in this lower part two young gentlemen, sons of Mr. Charles H. Priestley, of the East Riding Bank, Malton—Leo, aged nine, and Charles, aged eleven years—began to bathe. They at once sunk in deep water, and were drowned. The disaster was witnessed by a lady from the bank, whose screams attracted the notice of those on "The Rapids," who were shortly on the spot. Mr. Hosenson saw one of the Priestleys in the water, and at once dived for and got hold of him. A large dog, however, followed into the water, and seized Hosenson, who was obliged to leave hold of Priestley to struggle with the dog, and after diving several times only managed to gain the bank quite exhausted. The dog so muddled the water

that he could not see Priestley again. The other Priestley was seen by a young gentleman named Ellwood, of Hartlepool, who, though dressed, went into the water, but failed to reach the boy. Both bodies were recovered on Saturday night. The event has cast a gloom over the whole neighbourhood.

DREADFUL FIRE IN THE STRAND.—On Monday morning shortly after two o'clock a fire broke out in the Red Lion Tavern, Strand, which was entirely destroyed before an engine could be got to play upon it. The first intimation of the fire appears to have been given by volumes of smoke pouring out of the lower part of the house. This drew the attention of a policeman on duty, who immediately sprang his rattle, and, aided by one or two comrades, did all he could to arouse the inmates. The nearest fire escape was sent for, and the engines also from Chandos-street. The noise or the smoke must have awakened the inmates, for in a few minutes piercing screams from women were heard to proceed from the upper part of the house, and before the position of these poor creatures could be discerned through the smoke, which covered the front of the premises, one of the barmaids, named Pritchards, finding that to remain where she was any longer was certain death, threw herself from an upper window on to the pavement beneath. She fell with a dull heavy thud, and remained insensible till removed to Charing-cross Hospital. Fortunately three others of the barmaids, or female inmates, found their way to the roof, and got thence to that of the next house, occupied by Mr. Jones, watchmaker.

DIAMOND CUTTING DIAMOND.—For a long time the New York police have been in possession of information that a gang of swindlers were operating among the dishonest portion of the community. One known as a dealer in foreign bonds would be informed that he could have a number of them at a rate much below the market value; a place and time would be designated; the victim, with the necessary funds in his possession, would repair to the place, and, the preliminaries settled, he would be shown a package on which was displayed a genuine Government bond. He would be informed that there was great danger of a descent from the police, and the actual transfer must be conducted with the utmost secrecy and celerity. This information would scarcely be given when the cry, "The police are here!" would be raised, the package would be transferred and his money taken, and the parties would then hurriedly separate. Of course, the victim would not dare to open his package until he had reached some secluded place, and then he ascertained that the package was filled with old papers and sawdust. The victim feared to make formal complaint to the law officers against those who swindled him for the reason that he had been engaged in an unlawful transaction. In this manner several persons have been victimised. One person known to the police has lost 7,000 dols., another 5,000 dols., a third 3,500 dols., and a fourth 1,300 dols., and other smaller amounts.

ALARMING RAILWAY ACCIDENT NEAR ACCRINGTON.—On Saturday afternoon an alarming railway accident occurred on the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway, near to Accrington. A train, which was freighted chiefly with visitors from Yorkshire, who had been to Southport, left Accrington about two o'clock. All went on well until they were about a mile from that station, when the axle of the two front wheels of the engine broke, and the train ran on at a great speed down an incline, bursting the rails and breaking them for a distance of three-quarters of a mile more or less. The broken engine and tender, together with the train, kept on the line for the distance named without much injury except to the line itself. The train being brought to a stand, it was found that the broken wheel had got within the rail. On the occurrence becoming known, the people from the thinly-populated district rushed to the spot to render what assistance they could. A screwjack being on the engine, the passengers and others went to work, and succeeded in getting the engine on to the line, with a view of taking the train to the next station on three wheels. This scheme, however, would not act, and nothing now being left but to push the carriages back three-quarters of a mile, they set to work, and having placed the train on a siding, they were taken on by a special engine. Seeing that the line was broken up in several places, and that the plates were twisted in all directions, the escape was almost miraculous. The train was delayed for about two hours, whilst the line was blocked during the greater part of the afternoon.

THE SUICIDE FROM CLIFTON SUSPENSION BRIDGE.—The body of the man who threw himself from Clifton Suspension Bridge on Saturday has been identified as that of a young man named Joel Cousins, whose relatives carry on the business of pastrycooks at Lower Arcade, Bristol. There is, however, very little to explain the cause of the terrible act. The circumstances under which it came to be known who the deceased was are rather peculiar. A man named Cook, who knew him, was passing the General Draper two or three hours after the inquest was held, and was impelled by a sense of curiosity to look at the body. He at once recognised it as that of young Cousins. Information was soon given to the police, and the deceased's sister confirmed the statement of Cook. The deceased was only 20 years of age. His relatives have observed nothing unusual in his manner, but they agree in saying that bad company has been the cause of his dreadful end. It appears that for some time past he has been leading a dissolute life, sleeping out frequently as many as five or six times a week. On Saturday afternoon, about four o'clock, he applied to his sister in the Arcade for some money. She offered him half-a-crown, but he wanted five shillings, and said that if she would give it to him he would go to London at once. She refused to go beyond her first offer, and he used some threats to her, interspersing his sentences with bad language. He did not, however, use any threat of self-destruction, and when he left the house about four o'clock with the half-crown, his sister saw nothing strange in his manner calculated to arouse her suspicions. In a little more than an hour after he had thrown himself from the bridge.

ALLEGED EXECUTION OF SEVEN SAILORS OFF CHERBOURG.—The French papers report the execution of seven American sailors on board the frigate Sabine, off Cherbourg, for an attempt to blow up that vessel. The account is most extraordinary. The affair is thus reported by the *Journal Officiel*:—"Seven American sailors have been hanged in the offing before Cherbourg, in consequence of the discovery of a conspiracy respecting which we find the following details in a letter addressed to the *Journal de Havre*:—"The American frigate Sabine had been at anchor for 10 days in the offing. On Saturday morning a cabin boy, on going down into the hold on some errand or other, perceived a fuse, lighted at one end, and by which the other communicated with the powder magazine. He ran up immediately to give information to the

superior officers, and, as one may well imagine, the fuse was quickly extinguished. It was none too soon, for a few minutes later the frigate would have been blown to atoms. The commander, on board the Sabine immediately instituted an inquiry, which led to the discovery of a conspiracy, having for its object the annihilation of the American ship and the whole of her crew. The authors of this atrocious attempt did not recoil from certain death for the purpose of inflicting a frightful vengeance. Twenty-two sailors were put in irons, and seven were ordered to be hung immediately. For this purpose the commander of the Sabine communicated with the competent authority at Cherbourg, in order to procure the authorisation necessary to proceed at once with the execution. This authorisation having been refused, the Sabine weighed anchor and put out to sea; and hardly had the vessel left the offing before the seven wretched men were hanging from the yardarms. Human justice was satisfied, and a terrible example set of condign punishment. Several bargemen who happened to be behind the mole were witnesses of the awful spectacle."

EXTRAORDINARY CHARGE AGAINST A YOUNG LADY.

At the Highgate Petty Sessions, on Monday, Miss Louisa Cox, a young lady residing with her parents at Stafford House, East-end, Finchley, appeared before Colonel Jeakes, Mr. Elan, and Mr. Lemelle, to answer two summonses taken out by Dr. Berson. The first was for maliciously breaking, injuring, and spoiling a certain box his property, thereby doing damage to the amount of 5s. The second for unlawfully taking and holding without just cause certain papers and writings his property. Mr. Poncione, jun., appeared to prosecute, and Mr. Poncione, sen., defended.

Dr. Reuben Berson, who said he was a teacher of languages, Doctor of Laws and Philosophy, Scholar and Exhibitioner of Oxford, and now residing at 2, Victoria-road, Finchley, deposed that in February last Miss Louisa Cox was introduced to him by the Assistant-Master of the East-end College, Mr. Groom. They were engaged to be married shortly afterwards, by the consent of her parents, and he gave her presents, among them being an engagement ring. He went to Oxford, for the purpose of taking holy orders, in July, and on the 15th he received two letters from the father of Miss Cox, who keeps the East-end College, East-end, Finchley, telling him not to take the final step, but to return to his (Mr. Cox's) house. On the 17th of July, Mrs. Cox and her daughter Louisa came to his lodgings at Oxford and asked him to return, which he did, after much persuasion, on the following Monday. Miss Cox took part of his luggage home with her, consisting of two black bags and a hat-box. In one of the bags by Miss Cox's request he put the letters which he had received from her. He gave his word to her father to be surety for £300 for him. He went to town in the morning about eleven o'clock to give lessons, and returned between one and two in the morning of Friday, the 30th of July, when he saw a light in his bedroom and some one moving about. He was let in by the servant, and as he was very tired he went to sleep. In the morning he went to his box, which was standing on the landing outside his bedroom door, and found the hasp had been wrenched off, and thirty-five letters that he had received from Miss Cox extracted, besides his diploma from the University of Vienna, and several other credentials from Austria, which were sealed and signed by the English Consul at Vienna. He went downstairs and said to Mrs. Cox, "Who broke open my box?" and the servant coming up at the time said, "I suppose Miss Cox did it with the screwdriver that I brought her." He said to Mrs. Cox, "Why did you allow Miss Cox to open my box?" and she said, "I could not help it; I could not fight with her, and that is what every English girl will do." Mr. Cox then made his appearance, and said he could not help it; his daughter was of age and had acted for herself. On being asked where Miss Cox was, he said, "Oh, she is off and you will not find her." Dr. Berson got into a trap with Mr. Cox and drove down to Finchley, and as they were passing the East-end railway Station he saw Miss Cox and her aunt standing at the door. He told Mr. Cox to stop the horse, but instead of doing so he whipped it, and it went at a rapid rate past the station. Seeing Mr. Cox would not stop the horse he caught hold of the reins himself, stopped the horse, and went back to Miss Cox. He asked her why she opened his box, and if she would return those papers which were very valuable; if so, no one should know anything about the matter. Miss Cox said she had taken the papers, but had not got them, as she had given them to her papa. Miss Cox's aunt was present, and said "I told you at the time that you would get yourself into a mess. This is a crime." As Miss Cox was answering him, her father drove back to the station and said, "Don't answer him." Witness went to her aunt's residence, 30, Gilbert-road, Lower Kennington-lane, and she said that Miss Cox had done it when she was in a fit of excitement. Colonel Jeakes said the damage done to the diploma was £15, and the credentials would cost more, therefore he had no jurisdiction in the case. Mr. Poncione, jun., said he would withdraw that summons, and indict Miss Cox for the offence. The servant, Mary Ann Jacobs, and Mrs. Cox, the aunt of the defendant, were called for the prosecution, and they distinctly swore that they had no conversation with Dr. Berson about breaking open of the box. Mr. Poncione, sen., then addressed the magistrate on behalf of the defendant. Dr. Berson fell desperately in love with Miss Cox, who was only seventeen years of age, and after some time was accepted as her affianced husband. He wrote letters to her on the day that he was at Oxford, and said in one of them that he would like to come and throw himself at her feet and kiss the dust that her feet had trod on. Mr. Poncione argued that the case must be dismissed, as the witnesses had contradicted the prosecutor in most important points. The court was cleared for a few minutes, and on its re-assembling Colonel Jeakes said he had no alternative but to dismiss the case with costs, as the witnesses had contradicted what Dr. Berson stated. The decision was received with evident satisfaction by a crowded court. Mr. Poncione, sen., asked the magistrates to protect Miss Cox, as Dr. Berson was a violent and jealous man, and she was afraid he would do her some bodily harm. Colonel Jeakes said he would grant a summons if Miss Cox could swear she was afraid that Dr. Berson would do her bodily harm. The defendant, who was allowed to be seated during the examination, which lasted over two hours, then left the court with her friends.



AN IRISH TRAGEDY.

An appalling tragedy—the sad result of intemperance and domestic discord—occurred near Waterford on Friday evening, last week. It has excited a most painful sensation among the inhabitants of that city, as the parties moved in a respectable sphere of life. It appears, from the account of the tragic occurrence furnished by a correspondent of the *Daily Express*, that Dr. Lannigan, after serving as a medical officer in the navy, settled down in Waterford about five years ago, and was appointed medical officer to the Kilmeaden Dispensary by the Waterford Board of Guardians. About two years afterwards he married his second wife, Miss Emma Leckey, connected with a very respectable family in that city. They lived happily enough together for the first twelve months, but after that time Dr. Lannigan fell into habits of drinking, and Mrs. Lannigan being a woman of rather violent temperament, quarrels frequently took place between them, and lately the servants often heard him threaten her life. In fact, on Friday evening they were expecting a clergyman from Lismore to dinner, and it was intended to take advantage of this gentleman's presence to get their only child, a fine baby six months old, baptised. A difference took place between them on this head, Mrs. Lannigan expressing a wish that the rector of the parish should perform that ceremony. Dr. Lannigan, who was under the influence of drink, kicked over the dinner table, and took up a knife, which he

SUMMER TRIPS.—THE HARBOUR AND LIGHTHOUSE AT OSTEND.—(SEE PAGE 1415.)

laid down after pulling it across his wife's throat, and then took a double-barrelled gun which was in the room, but this he also laid down. Mrs. Lannigan took her child and ran out of the house, down to a neighbour's, and the girl heard the doctor swear an oath, and say he would end her (his wife's) days. He then returned and told the boy to harness the horse, and take it into town, and leave it there. The boy went to do this, and the girl went to call her mistress, stating that her master appeared quiet. The mistress went up to the house, and left the girl with the child, telling her not to come up, that she did not intend stopping at her own home that night. About fifteen minutes afterwards the girl heard the sound of a shot. This was about six o'clock in the evening. The boy returned to the house after harnessing the horse. He also heard the shot, but found the door locked against him. He then went for the girl, and, accompanied

by some neighbours, they proceeded to the house and got in through one of the windows. They found Mrs. Lannigan stark dead on the floor of the parlour, bleeding from a fearful wound in the left cheek, and the doctor lying with his head on her breast, his right hand grasping a revolver, and blood oozing from a wound in his temple, from which the brain protruded. He was living then, but died in a couple of hours. A double-barrelled gun which was in the parlour when the girl left was found in the bed-room, one barrel loaded, and another apparently lately discharged, and one of the chambers of the revolver was empty, with a broken cap on the nipple. Both parties were in the prime of life, and apparently about 30 years of age. The servant boy swore at the inquest that he had brought fourteen pint bottles of porter to the doctor on the day of the murder, and it also appeared that a quantity of wine had been drunk.



SUMMER TRIPS.—THE SANDS AT OSTEND.—(SEE PAGE 1415.)

A POET IN THE DOCK.

A Cork paper reports the following amusing scene in the local police court:—John O'Sturgiss was charged by sub-constable Flaherty with disorderly conduct. The prisoner, a tall and determined-looking man, presented a most extraordinary appearance. His hair was disordered and shaggy, his sturdy beard and moustache grew in wild luxuriance; deep scar, as of a sabre, extended from the tip of his nose to the top of his forehead, and altogether he looked like some worn-out pirate. The sub-constable having been sworn, deposed that late on the previous night the accused was knocking at the doors of gentlemen's houses, thereby causing much annoyance to the inhabitants. When arrested he resisted, and it was only after considerable difficulty that he was lodged in Bridewell. The prisoner during the narration of the charge bore himself with a haughty disregard of what was passing around him. Mr. M'Namara: You hear what is stated against you?—Prisoner: Yes, it is false, sir.—Mr. M'Namara: What have you to say to it? (No answer; prisoner in a reverie.)—Mr. M'Namara: Do you hear, prisoner; what have you to say?—Prisoner (still unmindful of his worship's query): Proceed, policeman, scoundrel that you are.—Mr. M'Namara: Why did you get drunk and resist the police?—Prisoner: (just returning from an excursion in the regions of fancy): They beat me—they compassed me about, and shoved me with sticks—thus was I lodged in Bridewell.—Mr. M'Namara: Where are you from?—Prisoner (pointing with the finger of scorn at the policeman): Go on tell a lot more of lies.—Mr. M'Namara: Where do you come from?—Prisoner: From the county Tyrone—that is the region that will yet claim my nativity. The prisoner here assumed his haughtiest bearing, and scratched his poll.—Mr. Humphreys (reciting):—

"Six cities claimed great Homer dead,
Through which great Homer living begged his bread."

HOW TO PAY FOR A WEDDING BREAKFAST.

MARTIN GREENER, architect, of Sunderland, came up for last examination and discharge in the Newcastle Bankruptcy Court on Monday, the hearing being attended by a great many spectators. Mr. Henry Ritson, who appeared on behalf of certain creditors, remarked that if ever there was a case before the court in which the bankrupt deserved the most severe punishment that could be inflicted under the powers of the Act, Greener was that man. He had hitherto moved in a good social circle in Sunderland, and had but one child, a daughter. This daughter was married on the 3rd of June to a Mr. Perkins, of Leeds, and a most elegant wedding breakfast was then provided for the guests, while valuable wedding presents were lavishly bestowed on the young couple, and their house at Leeds furnished in a most splendid manner. Within a week afterwards, however, the father, who had made all this outlay, was compelled to come into court. One of the creditors, a Mrs. M'Donald, had provided a breakfast at 12s. 6d. a head, exclusive of wine, and had instructions also to be careful in her selection of plate, glass, linen, and other additions to the tables. All this sum Mrs. M'Donald had lost, with the exception of a solitary 12s. 6d., which had been returned by the clergyman who performed the ceremony at the altar. A photograph of the distinguished group of visitors who partook of Mr. Greener's hospitality was also taken, at the cost of £3. Mr. Vincent, a music-seller, also supplied a grand "Collard" piano, paid for with a three months' bill, which was dishonoured; and, unfortunately, the writ which was in consequence issued, failed to be served upon the bankrupt until a few hours after the wedding ceremony. The instrument, however, had not been returned. He now asked his honour to send Greener to a jury for trial. Greener, he contended, had infringed every penal clause in the Bankruptcy

GREAT TEMPERANCE FETE AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

THE annual fête of the National Temperance League was held on Tuesday at the Crystal Palace, and the fine summer weather greatly contributed to its success. The concourse was much larger than on any former occasion, and the palace was during the day crowded in every part, a vast proportion of the people consisting of women and children. As the qualification for membership is entire abstinence from alcoholic drinks, the tea and coffee counters were besieged by thirsty souls, and the drinking fountains could scarcely be distinguished in the mass of youngsters that struggled and fought around them for a cup of water. From the metropolis, of course, came the great mass of the people, but temperance societies in many parts of the provinces contributed their quota to the demonstration. For instance, a special train of members of the League started from Newtown, Montgomeryshire, at two in the morning, arriving at Euston Station about nine, and the travellers were, after enjoying the day's pleasures, to return at midnight. This is a feat of strength which does great credit to the powers of bodily endurance of the temperance devotees. From Darlington and various towns in Yorkshire similar trains reached London, and only in the case of a few trains was the return journey deferred until the following day. The proceedings in the Palace began by a conference in the lecture-room, at which papers were read by the Rev. George Maunders, the Rev. G. M. Murphy, Mr. T. A. Smith, and other gentlemen, the chair being occupied by Mr. Samuel Bowley. After the conference came a cricket match between the Kelvedon and Upper Edmonton Temperance Clubs, and an instrumental concert on the Handel orchestra. The great feature of the day followed, a meeting in the concert-room, at which the Ven. Archdeacon Sandford and other clergymen



THE CONTINENTAL TOURIST.—VIEW OF GAETA.—(SEE PAGE 1415.)

(laughter).—Mr. M'Namara: Are you at work?—Prisoner: No. I am not at work—neither am I employed.—Mr. M'Namara: What business are you able to do?—Prisoner: I can work at any business; no one cares about me (with a sigh). I had a piece of poetry, an exquisite bit, and lost that too. I am in the habit of composing poetry. I devote my leisure hours to the Muses. I am specially devoted to Calliope and Erato. Yesterday the inspiration seized me, and I made a lot of verses, even that I lost as I was going along the road.—Mr. Humphreys: What piece was it you lost?—Prisoner: It was a piece in honour of Kilkenny and the boys of Dublin—an ode that sang of youth and love.—Mr. Humphreys: Can't you make that poetry again?—Prisoner: No, sir. The sacred fire once extinguished cannot be rekindled. I can't even remember the metre of my verse. Unfortunately the very best pieces I have composed I have always lost.—Mr. M'Namara: Why did you go to these gentlemen's houses?—Prisoner: I did not know the hour, and I rapped at their hospitable homes to get some "grub."—Witness: Have you tried to get work at Cork?—Prisoner: I have sought it, but found it not. I may add that I have wielded the sword, and sought the public reputation.—Mr. Humphreys: Even at the "cannon's mouth"?—Prisoner: Yes: I have been 14 years in the army.—Mr. Humphreys: And "did the state some service"?—Prisoner: Yes, for which I was discharged without a pension.—Head-constable Geale: From which you may infer what his service was.—Prisoner: It was a piece of national ingratitude.—Mr. M'Namara: We will put a nominal fine on you, and recommend you to conduct yourself properly.—Prisoner: No money, no choice. In the seclusion of my cell I shall, like another Raleigh, compass round this globe, and give the world a history; but if any "gent" in court would stand a bob to pay the fine, I would much prefer it. This appeal passed unheeded, and the votary of the Nine was sent to gaol.

Act, had embezzled and removed goods, and had defrauded creditors. His honour thought it a bad case, and reserved his judgment.

THE PUBLIC HEALTH.

In the week that ended on Saturday, 28th August, 4,413 births and 3,184 deaths were registered in London and in 13 other large towns of the United Kingdom. The annual rate of mortality was 25 per 1,000 persons living.

The annual rate of mortality last week was 24 per 1,000 in London, 33 in Edinburgh, and 23 in Dublin; 14 in Bristol, 24 in Birmingham, 31 in Liverpool, 28 in Manchester, 28 in Salford, 30 in Sheffield, 27 in Bradford, 28 in Leeds, 28 in Hull, 24 in Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and 26 in Glasgow.

In the 11 large English towns, including London, the 456 deaths referred during last week to diarrhoea showed a further considerable decline upon the three previous weeks, when the numbers had been 741, 706, and 552 respectively; the average annual death-rate in these towns from this disease last week was 4 per 1,000 persons living.

The annual death-rate from diarrhoea in the several towns varied last week from 1 and 4 per 1,000 in Bristol and Newcastle to 7 per 1,000 in both Bradford and Salford.

In Paris the annual rate of mortality in the week ending last Saturday (28th August) was 24 per 1,000. The rate in Vienna was 30 per 1,000 during the week ending the 21st inst.

In London the births of 1,032 boys and 1,015 girls, in all 2,047 children, were registered last week. In the corresponding weeks of 10 years 1859-68 the average number, corrected for increase of population, is 2,079.

The deaths registered in London during the week were 1,463. It was the 34th week of the year, and the average number of deaths for that week is, with a correction for increase of population, 1,386. The deaths in the present return exceed by 77 the estimated amount.

and ministers spoke on the advantage of temperance. The there was a "Band of Hope" procession in the grounds, accompanied by instrumental bands, a concert of 5,000 children, under the direction of Mr. Frederick Smith, whose singing was very good and effective, a display of the great fountains, and a balloon ascent. Later in the evening open-air meetings were held in the grounds for the delivery of more addresses, and the entertainments were wound up by a musical performance in the concert-room. The whole affair was a very great success. Last year the numbers were 42,877, being 10,000 in excess of any former gathering. At two o'clock on Tuesday, 38,471 had entered, and the total admissions amounted to 53,780.

THE JAGGANATH FESTIVAL.—The Jagganath Festival at Serampore closed on July 19th, it would appear, after a pitiable fashion. The two great cars still stand on the roadside, half in the ditch, because the people will not pull them back to their places. In spite of the numbers hired to pull and to applaud, the cars were moved on the first occasion only half the usual distance, and there they lie in the mud, with the idols on them and flags flying. As usual, the Brahmins applied to the authorities to order the people to pull, but of course in vain. The common peasantry were heard to reply to the miserable creatures who from the car urged them to pull, "It is all very well, but come and give a hand yourselves." The crowd, of which a rough census was taken, was never more than 75,000 at the highest, and rarely exceeded 35,000—a third of what it used to be. For one man there were 50 women and children. The police, under Mr. Rochefort, the energetic district superintendent, kept order well. There were no accidents, and only three cases of drunkenness. The spectacle presented by the cars and idols on the Trunk-road outside of Serampore may be regarded as typical of the state of idolatry at least in and near the great cities—tottering but still defiant, with no enthusiasm and little faith.—*The Homeward Mail.*

HOME AND DOMESTIC.

AN association is now forming to secure the return of actual working men to Parliament. This new organisation will bear the name of the "Labour Representation League."

IMPROVEMENTS IN PIRACY.—The Bonnet gun-boat, on the Chios station, under the command of Captain Lloyd, has succeeded in capturing a number of piratical junks. Amongst the number, it is said, one was armed with all the latest improvements in modern warfare.

THE SUZ CANAL.—The Suez Canal Company has just issued regulations for the navigation of the canal when opened on the 17th November next. Article 1 states, that the navigation of the Suez Maritime Canal will be open to all ships without distinction of nationality, provided their draft of water does not exceed 7½ metres, the depth of the canal being 8 metres—equal to 26 English feet.

THE sad announcement of the death of the indefatigable African explorer, Miss Tinné, has just reached Europe. This young lady, on her way from Murzuk to Ghat, on the Abergoush-road, lat. 20, long. 13, fell a victim to the treachery of some camel-drivers. Two of her attendants, European sailors, fell on the same occasion. Some of the members of Miss Tinné's family have already started from Malta to Tripoli to visit the scene of this terrible disaster. Miss Tinné was hardly 30 years of age.

THE HOLY COAT AT TREVES.—A Treves paper says:—"Today is set apart by the Church in honour of St. Helen, who is said to have brought the great reliques to Treves, and it is the 25th anniversary of the commencement of the last exhibition of the Holy Coat, so St. Helen's bells invited the pious to early mass. The quiet and business-like appearance of the streets contrasted strangely with the eager crowds who 25 years ago hurried to the cathedral at the same hour to witness the commencement of the exhibition of the holy garment."

AN official announcement has been received at Chatham that, in consequence of the absence of the First Lord of the Admiralty on a lengthened cruise with the iron-clad squadron, the usual annual inspection of the dockyard and naval establishments of the port will not take place until late in the season. It is probable that Chatham and Portsmouth dockyards will be reserved for inspection until the members of the Board of Admiralty have completed their inspection of the whole of the other naval establishments.

NOVEL SPORT.—A correspondent of the *Inverness Courier*, writing from Glencoe, mentions that the tenant of the shootings and fishings at Invercoe, Mr. Thomas Fard, R.A., finding it impossible to supply his table with fish by means of the rod, has taken to the unusual but exciting method of getting them by the gun. The river Cma is extremely small and clear, and there are lots of salmon and grilse in the pools, but they will not look at the fly. On Saturday evening Mr. Fard shot a salmon of 9lb. weight with a pea-gun, when it was whirling porpoise-like in the water, either in play or after food. Two others were shot with a fowling-piece.

ON Saturday about 200 members of the Working Men's Club and Institute Union made a visit of inspection to the works of the outfalls of the London sewage at Crossness Point and Barking Creek, under the guidance of Mr. Edward Hall, F.S.A., who, on the way down the river in a steamer, explained the general principles of the main drainage system, and the mechanical difficulties of the works. At Crossness Point the party were received by Mr. Houghton, the chief engineer, and shown over the works, but at the northern outfall they were not, it appeared, expected, and there were no means of landing on the works. The visitors, however, expressed themselves perfectly satisfied with what they had already seen, and giving a most cheerful vote of thanks to Mr. Hall, returned in their boat to town.

THE NILE.—A communication from Cairo of the 14th ult. says:—"Two days back the opening of the Canal Halidi, which distributes the waters of the Nile through the city, took place. The operation was performed at eight in the morning, and with much more splendour than had been the case in former years, in consequence of the presence of the Viceroy, who came expressly from Alexandria to preside at the ceremony. The rise is taking place this year with sufficient rapidity, but in a manner extremely regular and calculated to prevent apprehension. Such was not the case last year, as at that time a vast extent of the territory of Upper Egypt could not be watered. To-day the Nile has reached a height altogether reassuring, and no doubt exists that all the cultivable soil of Egypt will be fully covered over with the stream, and consequently sown."

NEW WESLEYAN CHAPEL IN FRANCE.—The foundation-stones of a new Wesleyan chapel at Amiens were laid on Thursday afternoon, last week, by Mr. T. Hazlehurst, of Runcorn, and Mr. Jonathan Holden, of Rheims. After the devotional exercises, handsome silver trowels were presented by the Rev. W. Gibson to Mr. Hazlehurst and Mr. Holden. Two other memorial stones were also laid by Mr. Hazlehurst, for Sir Francis Lyett and Mrs. A. M. Arthur, and two others by Mr. Holden, for Mr. George Chambers and Mrs. S. D. Pressland. Speeches were subsequently delivered by the Rev. T. B. Hart, L. Pulford, G. Jaulmes, E. F. Cook, W. Schwarz and Mr. Craib. The donations announced, with other subscriptions, made up the amount of £520. The chapel is to be erected in the Gothic style of architecture, and the estimated cost, including the site, is about £1,000.

A PARISH PAUPER.—At the last meeting of the B-thal-green Guardians a singular case was mentioned. It appeared that among the parish paupers in Colney Hatch was a Miss Martin, who for the last 11 years was confined there as a hopeless lunatic. Mr. Collins, chairman of the Board, by some means, lately discovered that she was entitled, all the time, to several thousand pounds, which were in the safe keeping of the Bank of England. The unfortunate woman immediately became the object of uncommon interest, and proceedings in Chancery were at once instituted with the view to the establishment of her rights. The suit was successful, and the happy result is that the parish receives a sum of £400 as compensation for her maintenance during the 11 years, and 12s. a week from the dividends of her money for her continued support. —*Eastern Post*.

PRESENTATION OF THE ALBERT MEDAL FOR BRAVERY AT SEA.—At a meeting of the Local Marine Board at Glasgow, Mr. George Smith presiding, Mr. James Hudson was presented with an Albert Medal of the second class for bravery in saving life at sea. On the 17th March last the *Marmion*, of North Shields, was stranded on the Cornish coast near Falmouth, when the danger was so great that it was thought impossible to communicate with the shore, and the master and one of the crew died from sheer exhaustion. Hudson, contrary to the advice of all beside him, persisted in going out, and after a perilous swim he got on board the vessel with a line. The presentation was made by the chairman in a few neat sentences, and Mr. Hudson, in reply, said that should similar circumstances occur he would act in such a manner as to show that he was not insensible of the very high honour which he had received.

ALARM OF FIRE AT THE GAIETY THEATRE.—An alarm of fire, which caused considerable commotion and excitement in the Strand and neighbourhood, was raised on Monday evening by a gentleman while passing the Gaiety Theatre. It appears that the workmen engaged in making the necessary arrangements at the top of the premises at the corner of Catherine-street, which are shortly to be opened as a restaurant in connection with the theatre, had made a fire for the purpose of testing the flues. It burned rather fiercely, and as there were some sparks and much smoke, the alarm was raised. Half a dozen engines were soon on the spot, all ready for immediate action. A large crowd soon as-

sembled outside the theatre in the Strand, but when it was ascertained that the alarm was quite unfounded the people dispersed and the engines returned to their stations. The audience in the theatre were of course quite unaware of the excitement outside.

FENIAN DEMONSTRATIONS.—There were two "Irish National Demonstrations" in London on Sunday morning, in "celebration of the anniversary of the siege of Limerick," one in the shape of a "monster" river excursion to Gravesend, and the other a "monster" excursion to Hampton Court by road. Two large Gravesend boats were filled by the excursionists who went to Gravesend, and a large green flag with a harp in the middle, and at the bottom the inscription "God save Ireland," was placed prominently on each vessel. A crowd assembled on the pier and its approaches to witness the departure. As soon as the boats had gone the majority of the spectators proceeded to Lincoln's-inn-fields, whence the Hampton Court excursion started in about thirty or forty vans, the foremost one filled with a band of musicians. Fully one-third of the excursionists are said to have been women, all displaying green on some portions of their dresses. Both at Hampton Court and Gravesend meetings were held and speeches made, urging the Government to grant an amnesty to all the Fenian prisoners.

FARMING OUT PAUPER CHILDREN.—An ordinary meeting of the St. Pancras guardians was held on Monday in the chapel of the workhouse.—Mr. Watson occupying the chair. A letter was read from a lady stating that she had heard that the guardians put out children to private houses at 6s. a week, and offering to take some to her own home. Mr. Chandler said it was a most important improvement in the poor-law system that they were enabled to send their children to private homes, from which they would merge into the world without the taint of pauperism. If this system were properly carried out they would not require a school for 700 children. It having been moved that inquiries be made respecting the lady who had made the application, Dr. Edmunds said the general principle was one which ought to be brought on before the board for regular discussion. Hitherto 70 or 80 per cent. of the workhouse girls had turned out prostitutes, and the same percentage of boys had joined the wand-ring classes. They might put their children into as fine a barrack as possible, but that did not teach them the standard of right and wrong. They could only be taught that by being sent into private homes, where their step-parents would take a liking to them, and would keep them away from the common stream into which pauper children generally drifted. He was sure if they advertised in the country papers, they would find plenty of persons, where milk was cheap and where they owned a little land, who would be glad to take out their incomes by taking children. The chairman considered it was a very important subject with reference to the welfare of the children and the tax upon the ratepayers. Some discussion having taken place as to the details of the scheme, the meeting separated.

AN extraordinary case of cool daring and gallant determination to save life has just been rewarded by the Royal Humane Society by the presentation of handsome and suitable testimonials to two men named Buckley and Jones, who were recently instrumental in rescuing four persons from suffocation by choked-up in a well at Liverpool. The circumstances were briefly these:—The men were engaged at some sewage utilization works, and on the day in question, as they were about to finish their day's labour, one of them—a man named Lennon—had occasion to descend a dry well for the purpose of shutting off the valve of a steam-engine. He had been down the well a very short time, however, before he called for assistance, being unable to breathe from the noxious gas, which was afterwards found to prevail in the well. Hearing Lennon's cries for help, Mr. Belve, the engineer of the works, who happened to be on the spot, went down to his assistance, accompanied by a labourer named Carroll, but both soon became overpowered. Another labourer, named Peter Sedden, then went down, but he, too, soon became insensible. Fortunately, however, four men returning from work accidentally passed the spot, and hearing groans proceeding from the well, they immediately concluded the nature of the accident, and one of their number volunteered to be let down by his companions by a rope, but being unable to breathe was drawn up again. Two others of the party, named Buckley and Jones, then went down together, and succeeded in rescuing Mr. Belve and Peter Sedden. Buckley then went down alone and slung up Lennon, and then Jones went down alone to a lower part of the shaft and sent up Carroll, who, in addition to the effects of the gas, had sustained a frightful wound in the head through falling, and from which he has since died. The depth of the well was forty feet.

LAW AND POLICE.

ADULTERATION OF COFFEE.—HEAVY PENALTY.—At Bow-street Mr. Joseph White, of the firm of White, Fairfield Brothers, coffee roasters, of High-street, Borough, was convicted on three separate charges of using a building for the purpose of drying, roasting, and storing chicory without having made an entry thereof, as required by law; of having in his possession, but not entered, a quantity of chicory exceeding 14lb. weight; and of having in his possession 16cwt. of a roasted substance—locust beans—prepared to resemble coffee. Sir Thomas Henry said he had no alternative but to inflict the full penalty, £400.

POTMAN CHARGED WITH MURDER.—Hector Brooks, potman at the Old S-r-ant public-house, Garret-lane, Wandsworth, was charged at the Wandsworth police-court with wilful murder. It appeared from the evidence that a quarrel occurred in the taproom between the prisoner and a man named Driver, and a struggle took place, during which a glass was broken. The prisoner took up the broken glass and struck Driver with it on the throat, cutting through the deep carotid artery and jugular vein. The wounded man was taken to a neighbouring surgeon, but died in a few minutes after he reached the house. The prisoner was remanded.

ANNOYED BY PIGEONS.—A man complained at the Clerkenwell police-court that a person who lived two doors from him kept pigeons on a level with his bedroom window, and that they made such a noise that he could not get any sleep. He had complained to the owners of the birds about the nuisance, but had only got laughed at for his pains. Mr. Cooke said he could not assist the applicant. His only remedy was in the county court for trespass. The man said that course would be of no use to him as the sittings of the county court had been adjourned for a time, and his neighbour had stated that he would get more pigeons if it was only for the sake of further annoying him. Mr. Cooke said he could not help that, and the applicant left the court.

SOME of the £1,200 which was seized by the police at the house of the managers of the "Deptford Spec," and which it was arranged should be distributed by the counsel engaged in the case amongst the Deptford charities, has just been allotted in the manner suggested. The Deptford General Relief Fund has received £50, the Deptford Ragged School £25, the Kent Dispensary £100, the New Street Schools, Deptford, £22, and the St. Paul's Schools have also received a liberal donation. £25 has been paid into the post-box at the Woolwich police-court, a similar sum into the Greenwich police-court post-box, and considerable sums to various charities, including £100 to the Charing-cross Hospital, and £100 to the King's College Hospital.

SWINDLING A PHILOPHER.—At Greenwich, on Tuesday, William Bull, who gave his address at 7, Morley-place, Chelsea, was brought up on remand before Mr. Maude, charged with being concerned with another man not in custody, in stealing French notes to the value of 350 francs, belonging to Alfred Hollander, who was described on the charge-sheet as a Doctor of Philosophy.

The facts have been previously reported. Mr. Pook, solicitor, who attended for the prisoner, contended that the money received from the prosecutor by the prisoner had been given by way of a loan. Mr. Maude said the question raised was one which a jury would have to determine, and the prisoner was committed for trial.

A VIOLENT HUSBAND.—At the Guildhall, William Piper was charged with assaulting his wife. The woman, whose face, it is stated, was terribly disfigured, said she had been married to the defendant nearly ten years. She had three children to support, receiving little or no money from her husband, who said he worked at the docks, but was generally to be found in a skittle-ground squandering away the little money he earned. Last night she met him in Bishopsgate, and asked him for some money. He told her if she and the children were hungry they could go to the workhouse, for she would have no money from him. He then knocked her down, and kicked her in the eye and on other parts of her body. Mr. Alderman Dakin sentenced him to two months' hard labour, and told him that if he were again similarly charged he would be sent for six months.

A NOVEL TRIAL.—In the Bolton County Court on Friday, Mr. Corbridge, waste dealer, of Blackburn, sued the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway Company for 25s. 6d. expenses incurred through the company not carrying him from Bolton to Blackburn. In April last the plaintiff was the holder of a second-class contract ticket to carry him from Blackburn to Manchester and back. On the 6th of that month he was in Bolton, and went to the station for the purpose of going to Blackburn. All the second-class carriages, however, were full, and, on mentioning this to one of the company's servants, he was told to get into a third-class carriage. This he refused to do, and the train went without him. He then took a cab to Blackburn, for which he paid 15s., and he claimed 10s. 6d. for inconvenience caused through not being at his place of business. The judge gave a verdict for the plaintiff for £1. Notice was given of a new trial.

THROWING STONES AT A TRAIN.—Two boys named Corner and Puney were charged before the Brentford magistrates with throwing stones at a train while in motion. George Barton, an engine-driver, said that on Thursday night he was passing with the train under Lion-lane-bridge, near Wyke House, when some stones were thrown from the bridge, three of which struck the engine, and lodged on the foot-board. He saw two boys on the bridge, who were about the same size as the prisoners, but he could not identify them. The largest of the stones might, if it struck him coming in the opposite direction, have caused his death, or might have struck the gauge glass, when an explosion would have occurred which might have seriously injured himself and stoker. A platelayer proved detaining the prisoners and giving them into custody. The chairman remanded them for a week, with a view of getting them into a reformatory for three years.

A JOVIAL THIEF.—At the Middlesex sessions, George Taylor, described as "a moulder, of wild appearance, and with scarcely a rag to cover him," was indicted for stealing a watch and chain and on two other charges. When the clerk read out the first charge, and asked the prisoner whether he was guilty or not guilty, he replied, "I might just as well say guilty as not. Put it down guilty." The clerk: "You are further charged with stealing a pair of boots, the property of John Balderson." Prisoner: "Put that down guilty." The clerk: "You are also charged with assaulting Philip Rumsey." Prisoner (with the utmost indifference): "Put them all down guilty. You are sure to have your own way." Mr. Serjeant Cox asked if the prisoner was known. A warder said he had been previously convicted, but that it was some time ago. He behaved very strangely while in the prison. Mr. Serjeant Cox: "Prisoner, the sentence upon you is that you be imprisoned and kept to hard labour for twelve calendar months." Prisoner: will that include the boots?" The Judge: "Yes, that includes the boots." The prisoner tripped lightly out of the dock, and said, holding up the few rags that covered him, "Hurrah, now I shall get a new coat."

SERIOUS CHARGE OF EMBEZZLEMENT.—The Watford magistrates have been engaged in investigating serious charges of embezzlement brought against Spencer William Valentine, formerly chief clerk in the establishment of Mr. W. F. Sedgwick, brewer, of Watford. The defalcations were stated to amount to £600, in sums varying from £4 to £160, which had been for the most part received from publicans who were creditors of the firm. In one case, a publican named Large, paid the prisoner £116 on the 6th of April 1868, which was not accounted for; in another case a sum of £104 received from a publican named Twycross was not accounted for; and in a third case in which a sum of £154 had been received from a publican named James a sum of £64 was entered in the ledger. On suspicion falling on the prisoner, he absconded, went abroad, and wrote to Mr. Sedgwick, begging his forgiveness, and attributing his appropriation of his employer's money to his passion for engineering, which had caused him to expend large sums. He was promised forgiveness if he made a clean breast of it, and in consequence returned to England; but his explanations were not satisfactory, and he was, after some delay, arrested in London, on the 20th of August, by a London detective. The magistrates have committed him for trial at the St. Alban's sessions.

THE LATE MURDEROUS OUTRAGE AND ROBBERY IN SOUTH LONDON.—On Friday, at Lambeth police-court, Thomas Paul, 36, describing himself as a shoemaker, but refusing his address, was finally examined before Mr. Woolrych with feloniously breaking and entering the dwelling house of Mr. James Peake, 82, Trafalgar-road, Old Kent-road, on the afternoon of the 9th inst., and stealing therefrom 12 silver spoons, sugar-tongs, and a cigar-holder, and also with murderously assaulting Charlotte Peake at the same time and place. Mrs. Peake, who was evidently still suffering from the murderous attack made upon her, had to be seated while giving her evidence. She said:—My name is Charlotte Peake. I am the wife of James Peake a supervisor of excise, and reside at 82, Trafalgar-road, Old Kent-road. On Monday, the 9th inst., about half-past two o'clock in the afternoon, I was resting upon my son's bed in the back room on the first floor. Suddenly I heard a noise, and then saw the door open. The prisoner and another man entered and closed the door behind them. I immediately got up and said to the prisoner, who stood in front of the other, "What is it—what is it you want? Have you come to rob the house?" Before I could say more he sprang upon me like a madman, and I saw what I supposed to be an iron hammer in his hand. With this instrument he attacked me. He struck me a violent blow on the forehead, which caused me to stagger. I put my hands up to protect my face, and then, with the same instrument, he struck me another blow on the top of the head, which rendered me insensible. (The prosecutrix, with a shudder, here glanced at the prisoner in the dock.) I have suffered very much since. Mr. Woolrych—How did he attack you the second time? Witness—Oh, sir, I shall never forget it. He stepped back as though to take aim, and, groaning with passion, struck me the second time. I then became insensible. I remembered no more till I found myself downstairs and being attended to by several persons. I lost much blood; the clothes, blinds, and floor will show that. In answer to further questions, the witness stated that she was certain the prisoner was the man. She had picked him out that morning from amongst a number of men at the station-house. Medical evidence having been given as to the condition in which Mrs. Peake was left by the assault, it was proved that the accused had been convicted on previous occasions of offences similar to that with which he is now charged. He was ultimately committed for trial.

WISDOM, WIT, & HUMOUR.

WOMAN'S TRUE SPHERES.

WITH broomstick for javella, dust-pan for shield,
On clothes-horses mounted, away to the field!
And panoplied thus let us war to the saddle,
But ladies should vote; yes, and men rock the cradle.
Arise, and chant wildly your Amazon sonnets;
Then on to the combat, girls! I'll hold your bonnets!
Our whole social system without stay remodel;
Charge, Mrs. Partridge! On, Mrs. Caudle!
Flatter your streamers—unfurl your top-gallants,
And sail in, my girls, we've Ben Wade in the balance.

A MAN who was told by a clergyman to "remember Lot's wife," replied that he had enough with his own without remembering other men's wives.

"So you say that walking sticks came into use very long ago?" "Not a doubt of it: don't we read that Adam had a Cain?"

A "SPIRITED" REPLY.—A poor fellow rescued, half drowned, was asked to take some spirits and water. "No thank you," replied he, "I have had water enough already; I'll take the spirits alone."

WHY is a selfish friend like the letter P?—Because, though the first in piety, he is the last in help.

WHICH of the English monarchs had most reason to complain of the laundress?—John, when his baggage was lost in the Wash.

WHY is a woman who has lost her lover like a whale?—Because she is a se-creater of great sighs (size).

WHAT is the difference between many a belle and a burglar?—One wears false locks and the other false keys.

WHY is a washerwoman the most cruel person in the world?—Because she daily wrings men's blooms.

WHEN does an M.P. display most physical strength?—When he moves the house.

WHY is the gamut like a gambling-saloon?—Because it is full of sharps and flats.

"OUTWARD BOUND."—Books.

THE most steadfast followers of a man's fortunes are his creditors.

REALISING the proverb, "Time is money."—Pawning your watch.

PEOPLE of colour.—Those having the blues.

WHY are hogs the most intelligent animals in the country?—Because they nose everything.

PHILANTHROPY is often far-sighted—can see into the next street, but not into its own kitchen.

WHEN is a reptile a general favourite?—When, homeward bound, you sight "The Lizard."

DIAGENES very pertinently wants to know who was the husband of the celebrated mother of pearl.

AN aged, gray-haired and decrepit Lothario recently eloped from a Mississippi village with a nice young girl of fifteen, but the telegraph stopped the couple at New Orleans. When informed at the police station that the old fellow had a wife and family, "I know that," replied the little beauty; "but you see they don't treat him well and he's got the rheumatism and the as hma, and he's got a failing in the back; and, you see, I sorter pitied him, and him and me concluded we'd come away and live by ourselves."

WHEN in Aberdeen, Dr. Johnson dined with a clergyman, the soup being "hotch-potch." The lady of the house, after having served him once, asked him if he would take some more. The gruff and stern moralist and outspoken social bear replied, "It is a dish fit for hogs, madame." "Take a little more, then," was the immediate and appropriate reply.

"PRAY, was Cook killed on his first voyage?" asked an innocent of Porson. "I believe he was," answered Porson; "though he did not mind it much, for he immediately entered on a second."

A STUDENT at a veterinary college being asked, "If a broken-winded horse was brought to you to cure, what would you advise?" promptly replied, "To sell him as soon as possible."

"WHY, Sambo, how black you are!" said a gentleman the other day to a negro waiter at a hotel. "How in the name of wonder did you get so black?" "Why, look here, massa, de reason am dis: de day dis chile was born dere was an eclipse."

"I have very little respect for the ties of this world," as the chap said when the rope was put around his neck.

AN intolerable bore, having talked a friend nearly out of his senses, finally struck out on "the oyster," which he called "one of the most remarkable specimens of creative wisdom extant," when his friend interrupted him, and "closed the debate," with the exclamation: "The oyster! Ah, yes, the oyster is a glorious fellow; he always knows when to shut up!"

AN Irishman lately appeared before a Western Society for the Protection of Animals, and claimed a reward. "What have you done?" asked the rival of Mr. Bergh. "I have just saved the life of a Newfoundland dog." "Ah! and under what circumstances?" "He had strangled my wife. I might have knocked his brains out: I did not do it; so you see I have saved his life." "Well, if he has strangled your wife," answered the president, "you have had your reward already." Severe, but how ungallant!

TEACHER at Sunday-school: "Now, my boy, please to understand the meaning of the word Apostle is sent." Apt pupil: "Oh yes! Please, sir, I know—like Sent Paul, sir, and Sent Peter, and Sent Patrick."

A LADY living in Louisville has a husband who snores. She keeps a clothes-pin under her pillow, and when his snoring awakes her she puts it on his nose, then sleeps in peace.

"WOULDN'T you call this the calf of a leg?" said Bob, pointing to one of his nether limbs. "No," replied Pat, "I should say it was the leg of a calf."

SOME GEOGRAPHICAL NOTES.

THE mouth of a river, though of vast capacity, never knows want, since its source (saunce) invariably runs into it.

Water-sheds are of modern invention, dating from the formation of the Water-works Companies, and from the time when houses were supplied with tanks.

Table-lands are spots where carpenters "most do congregate," who, at the conclusion of each day's work, hurl their planes and other tools below, to save carrying them home: hence the origin of plains.

Although we read of a flat country, we never hear of a flat town. The reason is obvious, as any one will see who bears in mind that flats come from the country.

As the number of sub-marine cables increases, it is confidently hoped that the seas will have no opportunity for leaving their homes, and "running mountains high."

The number of chalk-pits to be found near and about cities is somewhat astonishing; but any cause for wonderment ceases to exist when it is remembered how enormous is the adulteration of milk.

Sund-hills, as it becomes necessary to remind certain grocers, owe their discovery to the pioneers of adulteration.

THE private who, in the late review, was struck by a thought, and the by-stander who sat down on the spur of the moment, are both reported to be slowly recovering.

"I wish 'twas the fashion to go to bed every hour in the twenty-four," said an indolent person. "I like that first-rate; but the fashion of getting up is the meanest ever invented."

"Do you believe in the appearance of spirits, father?" asked a rather fast young man of his indulgent sire. "No, Tom, but I believe in their disappearance, since I missed my bottle of Bourbon last night," replied the old gentleman.

REV. ROWLAND HILL used to ride to and from church in a carriage. This gave offence to one of his members at least, who went so far as to hand in, among the notices, one requesting "the prayers of this congregation for the pastor, who, yielding to pride, is in the habit of riding in his carriage, not content, like his Divine Master, to ride upon an ass." It was not until Mr. Hill had read the paper, and observed the sensation created, that he noticed its import; and then, laying it down, he said: "It is true, brethren, I ride in my carriage; but if the author of this notice will appear at the conclusion of the services, saddled and bridled, I will do my best to ride him home."

LET women not for voting stir,
But learn the barber's trade instead;
So shall the Poll be brought to her,
To razor o'er her husband's head.

SOME one calls the time of squeezing girls' hands the palmy days of life.

A FRAGMENT.

BROKE! broke! broke!
And "the world" has gone down to the sea,
And I would that my wallet could furnish
Wherewithal to transport thither me.

Oh, well for old Spriggins's heir,
He can drive with his chestnut and grey;
Oh, well for old Robinson's son,
He can sail in his yacht on the bay;
While a little snip sits there,
In his shop at the foot of the hill,
And he says that I owe for the coat on my back.
Well, I think I shall owe for it still.

Broke! broke! broke!
Oh, wouldn't I go down to the sea,
If the vanished stamps of a day that's dead
Would only come back to me!

THE fellow who slept under "the cover of night" complains that he came very near freezing.

A HUNGRY friend said at Brummel's table, after the Beau had fallen in fortune, "that nothing was better than cold beef." "I beg your pardon," said Brummel, "cold beef is better than nothing."

A RUMINATIVE individual, hearing for the first time the quotation, "All the world's a stage," expressed his lack of wonder at accidents being of daily occurrence among the passengers, as the stage turned over every twenty-four hours.

THE following advertisement appeared in a Texas paper:—"If the person who took (it is concluded by mistake) the white waterproof coat belonging to Captain—, will apply at the barracks, he can have the peg it used to hang upon, as it is of no further use to the owner."

A WHITE boy met a coloured lad, and asked him what he had such a short nose for. "I 'spect so it won't poke itself into other people's business," was the smart reply.

A MAN describing a church in Scotland, writes to a friend:—"No velvet cushions in our pews. We don't go in for style. The fattest person has the softest seat."

"SHOULD old acquaintance be forgot?" Not if they have money.

OUR Daniel says proof enough can be seen that people nowadays don't live so well nor so long as in olden times, in the fact that we don't find any very old folks but what were born a great while ago. He says the present age has never furnished 'em, and he don't believe it can. If it could, why don't they? Dan's is one of 'em—hois.

THERE is a story of a little girl who was affected to tears on being shown the picture of Daniel in the den of lions. On being told that she need not cry, for the prophet was not devoured, it turned out that she was distressed for fear that one little lion in the corner would not get anything to eat, Daniel evidently being too small to go round.

A RICHMOND paper contains the following report of a police court case:—"Shelton Cox, little negro, for trespassing on Mr. Peter August and entering a cellar for the purpose of committing a theft, was sent back to be thrashed by his daddy."

LOVE LYRIC.

WHEN eyes are lustrous,
And locks are clustrous,
And teeth are pearly, and cheeks are pink,
Oh, the limitless lot
Of ecstatic rot
A fellow gets writing you'd scarcely think!
When lips are smiling,
And looks beguiling,
When croquet's in season, and moonlight walks,
May the critics pardon—
Nor Heaven be hard on—
The terrible nonsense a fellow talks!

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For Tall Painters.—"Art is long."
For Unsuccessful Actors.—"Never judge by appearances."
For the Recruiting Sergeants.—"List, oh list!"
The Spirit Rapper.—"Home sweet home."
A PRACHER who used notes had the misfortune to deliver a discourse—or rather, as the sequel will show, a portion of a discourse—in a breezy spot, of which rash act the consequence was that "thirdly" was missing. The embarrassed pastor repeated several times: "Thirdly, my brethren—thirdly."

This lasted several minutes, till at last an excited old lady rose from her seat and exclaimed, "Thirdly went out of the window."

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